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*FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.*

GOLDSMITH AND JOHNSON.

GOLDSMITH appears to enjoy as large a share of critical veneration as any writer of his age. His laurels, indeed, grow brighter with time, and his power to instruct and amuse will probably increase as years roll on, and one generation follows another.

It is very remarkable, that though his productions are exceedingly voluminous, the greater part of them, and those, to the subject of which vulgar apprehensions annex the greatest dignity and value, are of little importance, and will probably disappear from our libraries in a few years. Natural and civil history are two of the most important departments of human pursuit; and yet the History of Animated Nature, and the History of England, of Rome, and of Greece, by Goldsmith, have never deserved or obtained any lasting regard. These various themes afford the noblest opportunities for the display of wisdom and eloquence, but Goldsmith's genius was unsuited to them. In his Natural History he has done no more than copy servilely, and paraphrase tamely. In his civil histories he has produced nothing but trite, com-

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mon-place, and school-boy abridgments. The latter works were intended for the use of the young, but they are equally unqualified for affording instruction to age, or entertainment to youth.

Goldsmith's reputation and usefulness are founded on a very small part of his works. First, on tales and essays, which convey the most pleasing morality in the most captivating style, or arrayed in incidents which reflect, with admirable fidelity and truth, the picture of human life and manners; and, secondly, on two poems, which, though they will scarcely bear a comparison with the works of our eminent poets as to quantity, will not shrink from the comparison as to intrinsic value. No themes of poetry are nobler than those of Goldsmith, and no genius ever poured out, on such themes, richer and more polished strains.

It is worthy of notice, that the fame of Johnson rests upon foundations nearly similar to that of Goldsmith. They have both produced many moral disquisitions; many fictitious narratives; together with didactic and dramatic poetry. In addition, however, to these, Johnson

was a critic and biographer. Goldsmith's taste and judgment was probably superior, but at least was equal, to those qualities in Johnson; but his excellence, in these respects, can only be inferred from the perfection of his own performances, as we have little or no *criticism* from his pen.

Johnson's attempts at portraying life and manners, as they existed around him, were remarkably unfortunate. His eastern tales have all the merit compatible with plans so wild, grotesque, and unnatural; but no man of just taste, in morals or in composition, can hesitate a moment in preferring, not only the moral spirit, but the taste and genius which display themselves in Goldsmith's simple and natural tales, to those which animate the pompous and gloomy fictions of Johnson. Their essays breathe a temper and spirit nearly the reverse of each other, and Goldsmith is, in this particular, as benign, cheerful, and agreeable, as Johnson is morose and melancholy.

If we separate style and language from character, incident, and sentiment, no one will hesitate in deciding to which the palm of *poetical* superiority is due. In prose they differ as widely as modes of excellence can differ. In the manner of expression, in the choice and arrangement of words, Johnson differs not only from Goldsmith, but from every other. Goldsmith occupies a sphere by no means so much his own, so peculiar to himself. When the merit of each, in his own way, is so great, it is presumptuous to decide on their comparative merit. In Goldsmith's compositions, elegance is wedded to simplicity. Wit, playful and benign, strews every where her sweetest flowers, and the graces mark every sentence for their own.

If this be the style of Goldsmith, it must surely be excellent. Whatever praise the style of Johnson may merit, his greatest admirers would never dream of clothing their applause in these terms; but since this is the highest praise which any hu-

man composition can merit, the style which does not claim it must occupy a rank lower than that which does.

B.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

CICERONIANS.

THE ruling passion of Cicero was undoubtedly the love of fame. To this he was ready to sacrifice every other consideration. The images of future glory seem to have always occupied his fancy, and he wrote and spoke, doubtless, in some degree, for the sake of present and temporary purposes, but chiefly for the sake of a lasting reputation with posterity.

The order of sublunary things seems frequently adapted to disconcert and baffle human efforts and designs; but the fate of Cicero may, I think, be quoted as an exception to this rule, for no man has ever probably enjoyed, in a higher degree, the good of which he was so ambitious.

In the first place, the monuments of his genius have been preserved in a more entire and perfect state than those of almost any other ancient writer. Few writers have been more voluminous and versatile than he. He tried almost all the forms of composition: speeches, dialogues, essays, letters; and in every one of them numerous and extensive specimens of his powers still remain. He has been eminently fortunate in the nature and relative value of what has escaped the ravages of time. Not only the largest, but likewise the most valuable, portions of his works are preserved. What is lost would, perhaps, have added nothing to the fame of his wisdom or eloquence.

Before the extinction of learning in the Roman empire, and long after the great change in its religion, Cicero continued to be regarded with an admiration next to idolatrous. The most eloquent of the



Latin fathers drew their sentiments and doctrines from a very different source, but, in all matters relative to language and rhetoric, Cicero was the master whom they served with most superstitious fidelity.

After the revival of the Roman language, in modern times, Cicero's good fortune manifested itself not only in the preservation of so many of his own works, but likewise in the total destruction of the works of those who were his rivals while he lived. All the dialogists, letter writers, and orators of the same age have perished, and have thus enabled Cicero to monopolize all the fame which they might have otherwise shared with him.

It is difficult for us of the present times to conceive the degree of reverence which was paid by mankind, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, to the ancients in general, but more particularly to Cicero.

The votaries of Cicero were called Ciceronians, and formed a sort of fraternity, in which, strictly speaking, Cicero was a divinity, an object of worship.

They did not put up prayers to Cicero as to a saint or martyr.—They did not believe in his powers of protection or intercession. In this sense they were not his worshippers; but they deserved this name, inasmuch as they devoted all their studious and contemplative hours to his works; as they conceived all his opinions, moral, political, and critical, to be infallibly true, and his language to be the only medium through which a reasonable being ought to convey his thoughts.

They were, says an authentic historian, willing to deprive themselves of every pleasure, for his sake. They fled from the society of the living, as if they were themselves already dead; buried themselves in the grave of their study, and refrained from every kind of reading, except the works of Cicero, with as religious a care as Pythagoras abstained from the use of flesh. Their libraries were only

diversified by the different editions of the works of Cicero. Their histories were only those of his life; and their epics only frigid narratives of his consulship; the paintings and drawings in their galleries were only his portraits and actions. They had his head engraven on their seals, as well as on their hearts. By day and by night Cicero was the only object of their enquiries and conversations. They preferred the honour of collecting certain words, and arranging a round and nicely cadenced period, in his manner, to the performance of the most generous action. When, at length, their painful vigils had attenuated their bodies with illness, they died contented, since they had augmented the number of the martyrs of Cicero, and appeared in their last agony to be less pleased with the hope of the presence of God, than of meeting with this demon of eloquence.

To retrieve a single sentence of his writing, whether it was only a *vale*, or a *mi amice*, gave birth to the utmost exultation, and was celebrated with festivals and banquets. Many of them took the greatest delight in transcribing all his works with their own hand, and some happy memories thought the noblest achievement of human nature consisted in getting the whole of them by rote. In some instances, a kind of worship was paid to him; that is, a building was erected, in the temple fashion, in which a fraternity of classical devotees assembled, on stated days, when certain portions of his works were read, and voices and instruments joined in echoing his praise, in presence of his statue.

R.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### SITUATIONS OF COAL.

THE attention of the public seems lately to have been pretty

much excited by the uses of coal. This substance will, in no long time, become our only or principal fuel, and our diligence will, of course, be directed towards procuring a supply of it from our own stores. The following symptoms by which we may judge of the presence of coal, and rules by which we may regulate ourselves in search of that useful product, may not be unserviceable or unseasonable.

The rules are these :

That coal is never to be expected in primeval mountains, as granite, gneiss, &c., but that on the sides of these, particularly if very high, or in the hanging level that slopes from them to some river or valley, it may be sought.

That there is still a greater probability of finding it in the neighbourhood of mountains of argillaceous porphyry, as those are still more subject to disintegration.

That it may be sought with probability of success in sandstone mountains, if sandstone and clay alternate, or sandstone, clay, and argillaceous iron ore.

That in any elevated land, in which sandstone and shale, with vegetable impressions, or indurated clay and shale, or bituminous shale, form distinct strata, or clay, iron ore, and shale, with or without strata of sand, coal may well be expected.

That if sandstone be found under limestone, or if they alternate with each other, and particularly if indurated clay and shale form any of the strata, they afford a probable indication of coal ; otherwise coal is very rarely found in or under limestone.

That coal is very seldom found with argillite, and such as has been is of the unflammable kind.

That where trap, or whin and clay, alternate, and more especially trap and sandstone, coal may be expected ; it is often, but not regularly, found under basalt. Wood coal is sometimes found under both.

Lastly, that coal frequently bursts out on the surface, or on the sides of hills, in a withered state, which

diffuses itself to a distance from its origin, and requires an experienced miner to trace it truly to the seam to which it belongs. Q.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

VOICE OF BIRDS.

THE voice of birds *naturally* exerts itself in three ways : in *chirping*, *calling*, and *singing*.

To *chirp* is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to ; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous ; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale, for example, being hoarse and disagreeable.

The *chirp* consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The *call* of a bird is that sound which it is able to make, when about a month old ; it is, in most instances, a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed *recording*, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument formerly used, called a recorder.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. Some birds begin to record when they are not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song ; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he



is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I never met with a passage in any writer, which seems to relate to this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

—Nunc volucrum novi  
Questus, inexpertumque carmen,  
Quod tacitâ satuire brumâ.

A young bird commonly continues to *record* for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to *sing* his *song* round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

A bird's song is a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crochets in an adagio movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By this definition, we exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing birds, contending with each other (called jerks by the bird-catchers), are equally distinguished from *song*, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed the *call* of a bird, do not amount to its *song*, we may term such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the *varied call*.

Birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. In a wild state they adhere steadily to the same song, so that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Mr. Hunter, the anatomist, found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

The singing of the cock bird, in the spring, is attributed by many to his desire of pleasing his mate during incubation. Poets and moralists have paid a great many compliments, on this account, to the feathered husband; but not deservedly.

The greater part of birds do not sing at all. Why should the mother bird of these dumb kinds be so unfavourably distinguished?

The caged bird, which will sometimes sing nine or ten months in the year, cannot do it from this inducement. The truth is, they are moved to sing chiefly through contention with another bird, or with any sort of continued noise.

No bird larger than a blackbird is known to sing. This may possibly arise from the difficulty of concealing itself if it called the notice of its enemies by its voice.

A well known, but detestable means for improving the voice of the male in the human species, has been tried upon male birds, but instead of softening their notes, it has generally deprived them of their song altogether. This failure of

analogy may excite some surprise in those who are not aware that this operation by no means insures an improvement of the human voice.

The voices of much the greater part of Italian *emasculati* are so indifferent, that they have no means of procuring a livelihood but by copying music, and this is one of the reasons why so few compositions are printed in Italy, as it would starve this refuse of society.

There have indeed been Farinellis and Manzalis; but the list of such is very small, and we attribute those effects to a wrong cause. They should rather be ascribed to the education of these singers.

This operation commonly leaves the human voice at the same pitch at which it finds it; but the victim, from that time, is educated with a view only to his future appearance on the stage; he therefore manages his voice to greater advantage, than those who have not so early and constant instruction.

Considering the size of many singing birds, it is amazing at what a distance their notes may be heard.

A nightingale may be very clearly distinguished at more than half a mile, if the evening is calm. Accurately to compare the loudness of a bird's with that of the human voice, a person should be sent to the spot from whence the bird is heard. On such trial, the nightingale would be distinguished further than the man.

In passing under a house where the windows are shut, the singing of a bird is easily heard, when at the same time a conversation cannot be so, though an animated one.

Most people, who have not attended to the notes of birds, suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages. Scarcely any two birds of the same species have exactly the same notes, if they are accurately attended to, though there is a general resemblance.

Thus most people see no difference between one sheep and another, when a large flock is before them.

The shepherd, however, knows each of them, and can swear to them if they are lost. Q

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

LEARNING AND POLITENESS.

I HAVE often been led to reflect on the difference between learning and politeness, and on the estimation in which they are held by that part of the community commonly styled the fashionable world. Politeness may certainly associate with learning, and may be separated from it; but its first origin is in the good will and sympathy of man, in the desire of being agreeable in the form as well as in the substance of our intercourse with others.

It is impossible to discover any connection of cause and effect between a learned mind, and a polite mind. A learned man, without a kind and sympathetic heart, without a desire to please, may be as blunt a rustic as Rousseau can contemplate in his golden age of simplicity. Learning is very far from being the character of the polite world, and politeness in a still less degree is the character of the learned world. The weakest persons, to whom literature has not even opened her door, may lead in the dance of fashionable politeness. They are perfectly innocent, poor creatures! of the horrid crime of learning; but they are the arraigned before reason's tribunal, they are the convicts of unmeaning profession, of prostituted language, and of all the idle waste of words.

Observe the learned man! He may possibly be polite; he may be courteous in his address, in his speech, in all his manners; but he has not learnt this from his books; he has acquired it from a habitual commerce with the dressed and fashionable world.

Such a union of attainments is however a rare spectacle; for, learning abstracted from other cir-



cumstances, has a contrary tendency, and the world is so persuaded of this, that it expresses something like astonishment, if in the acknowledged scholar or philosopher it find the polite man. The love of retirement and even of solitude, as conducive to the pursuits of learned men; the little pleasure which they take in the lighter amusements of life: mere straws, in their estimation, which float upon its surface; the little attention which they have bestowed in order to acquit themselves with propriety and grace; the disgust which is excited in them by the trifling conversation and grave nothings of men of the world, render what is called good company as unfit for a philosopher as a philosopher is for good company. What a figure does he often exhibit in a gay and brilliant circle, with his solemn air, his stiffened attitudes, his unmanaged limbs, his absorbed mind, his inattentions, his constrained recollections, his studied expressions, his deep and sententious discourse! He is an object of ridicule to the circle around him; but he knows to estimate himself, and he returns the contempt with which he is received. He feels that he is not on his proper ground; no common sympathy attaches him to his company, nor his company to him; each are under restraint, but a modesty yet unsubdued in him subjects him to truly painful feelings, while a happy confidence which the polish of the world often confers, administers to the company the enjoyment of a secret triumph. He retires from the scene without regret, and his absence excites no regret in those whom he has quitted. A few reflections on the strange interview for a while occupy the thoughts of either party. The one laments the littlenesses and follies of which he has been a witness; the others laugh at the awkward mortal for his oddities and unaccommodating wisdom: while the fruit of these reflections differs in each as much as the reflections themselves. The one is strengthened in the per-

suation that the accomplishments of politeness are the finishing of the human character, and with more self satisfaction go on in a course, which as a whole is but a waste of time, of talents, and of character. The other owes it perhaps to his keen disgust that he is not swallowed up in the gulph of dissipation, that trifling and unimportant attentions are not over-rated by him, do not debauch his mind, nor lead him to the borders, if not into the open field of vice. A.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

A MODERN SAMPSON.

AMONG instances of extraordinary strength, the following, which is well attested, seems to be one of the most remarkable:

Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed suprising feats of strength: as breaking a broomstick, of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c. But however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself, when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a shilling each. Upon application for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his *appearance* was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was *made* like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well-made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should

clasp with his feet ; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of *twelve*, were rolling up a pewter-dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper ; holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell ; lifting *two hundred* weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain *twenty hundred* weight ; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity ; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth ; he took a Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand, his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another ; four people, fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. He sung a solo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby ; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen-spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief ; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the

laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

Frederick of Prussia, who took so much pains to form a regiment of *tall* men, was influenced by a very childish freak. Had he turned his attention to the collecting and enrolling men eminent for strength, he would have really contributed to the end of all military preparation. In such a case, Topham would have stood a good chance of being colonel of a regiment of Sampsons.

This account affords a pregnant hint to those philosophers who speculate on man as a mere animal, whose qualities, both personal and mental, are liable to be affected by insulating or crossing the *breed*.

A *king of soldiers* exercises pretty much the same power, in the same way, which a breeder of cattle does over *his* vassals. Thus Frederick, by chusing suitable mates for his strong men, might have gradually reared a Herculean army.

The advantage which an army composed of strong men have over a weaker, is in a greater proportion than that which the strength of the first bears to that of the last. A man as strong as *ten* others is a *hundred* times more serviceable, since he only requires one tenth of the pay and the provision of *ten* men.

O.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### HAWKING.

I HAVE so often met, in European writers of all kinds, with allusions to hawks and hawking, that my curiosity lately led me to make



some enquiries about the history and nature of that once fashionable amusement. The following particulars on that subject may, perhaps, afford some amusement to your readers, who have the same curiosity.

There are only two countries in the world where we have any evidence that hawking, or the exercise of taking wild fowls by the means of hawks, was very anciently in vogue. These are Thrace and Britain. In the former, it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district, if we may believe Pliny, whose account is rendered obscure by the darkness of his own ideas of the matter. The primæval Britons, with a fondness for the exercise of hunting, had also a taste for that of hawking; and every chief among them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport. It appears also from a curious passage in the poems of Ossian, that the same diversion was fashionable at a very early period in Scotland. The poet tells us, that a peace was endeavoured to be gained by the proffer of a hundred managed steeds, a hundred foreign captives, and "a hundred hawks with fluttering wings, that fly across the sky." To the Romans this diversion was scarce known in the days of Vespasian; yet it was introduced immediately afterward. Most probably they adopted it from the Britons; but we certainly know that they greatly improved it by the introduction of spaniels into the island. In this state it appears among the Roman Britons in the sixth century. Gildas, in a remarkable passage in his first epistle, speaks of Maglocunus, on his relinquishing the sphere of ambition, and taking refuge in a monastery; and proverbially compares him to a dove, that hastens away at the noisy approach of the dogs, and with various turns and windings takes her flight from the talons of the hawk.

In after times, hawking was the principal amusement of the English: a person of rank scarce stirr-

ed out without his hawk on his hand; which, in old paintings, is the criterion of nobility. Harold, afterward king of England, when he went on a most important embassy into Normandy, is painted embarking with a bird on his fist, and a dog under his arm; and, in an ancient picture of the nuptials of Henry IV, a nobleman is represented in much the same manner: for, in those days, "it was thought sufficient for noblemen to winde their horn, and to carry their hawk fair, and leave study and learning to the children of mean people."

This diversion was, among the old English, the pride of the rich, and the privilege of the poor; no rank of men seems to have been excluded the amusement: we learn from the book of St. Alban's, that every degree had its peculiar hawk, from the emperor down to the holy-water clerk. Vast was the expence that sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James I, sir Thomas Monson is said to have given 1000*l.* for a cast of hawks: we are not then to wonder at the rigour of the laws that tended to preserve a pleasure that was carried to such an extravagant pitch. In the 34th of Edward III, it was made felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure: in queen Elizabeth's reign, the imprisonment was reduced to three months; but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did.

Such was the enviable state of the times of old England: during the whole day, the gentry were given to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; in the evening, they celebrated their exploits with the most abandoned and brutish sottishness; at the same time, the inferior rank of people, by the most unjust and arbitrary laws, were liable to capital punishments, to fines, and loss of liberty, for destroying the most noxious of the feathered tribe.

This amusement seems to have spread itself over all Europe, and, like all other things governed by fashion, it has since entirely disappeared. In Great Britain, it is, at least, a century since hawks have gone entirely into disuse. This change was wholly or nearly effected before the settlement of any part of North America, so that probably hawking has been always entirely unknown on this side of the ocean.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

A LONDON ROUT.

*From a Traveller's Correspondence.*

THE general mediocrity of your circumstances prevents a native of Boston or New York from forming any adequate conception of the English style of entertainment. Here, in England, many people have no more difficult object of study than to spend the year's revenue within the year. When this revenue amounts to ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds, those who have never been accustomed to the command or disbursement of more than one tenth of the sum may naturally enough be puzzled to discover by what expedients the possessors can get rid of such a sum.

One very obvious and adequate means of doing this, indeed, is by betting, either at card-tables or the horse course. In this way, a hundred thousand pounds may be gotten rid of in the same time, and with as much facility, as sixpence; but this is an extraordinary mode. The customary methods are these four: *equipage, servants, dress, and, above all, company.* As to equipage and servants, you may easily conceive in what way, and to what extent, money may be lavished upon these; but it is only by being on the spot, and a partaker of the scene, that you would be able to form any notion of a *roué*, which is the usual form in which the rich entertain

company in *town*. Let me endeavour to give you some notion of a *roué*.

A *roué* is an assemblage of people of fashion at the private house of one of them. The manner of *making* a *roué* is this:

Lady A, or lady B, or lady C, or any other *capital* in the alphabet of fashion, chooses a distant night, which may not interfere with any other *roué*, but which, if possible, may clash with some public amusement, and make a noise in the world. She issues cards, intimating, that on the night specified, "she sees company." These cards are sent to several hundred people; not because they are relations, or friends, or acquaintance, but because she has *seen* them, or because their presence will give an *eclat* to the thing.

Before eleven o'clock at night, which is *high tide*, the house is crowded, with a company of both sexes and of all ranks. Card tables are placed in every room in the house; and as many in each room as will barely leave *interstices* for the players to sit or move about. Coffee, tea, and lemonade are handed about.

Confusion is the very essence of a *roué*, and every lady who gives a *roué* takes measurement of the fashion, and not of her house. Many more persons are invited than the place can hold, and she enjoys the inconvenience, the fatigue, the heat, and other circumstances peculiar to a *roué*, with as much heart-felt pleasure as a player who hears the screams and noise of an immense crowd flocking to his benefit. The blunders of servants, the missing of articles of dress, or the tearing them, the repeated exclamations of "Good G—! how hot it is! Bless me! Lady Betty, I am ready to faint! Dear me! O la!" &c. these afford exquisite satisfaction to the lady of the house; whose happiness may be deemed perfect, if she hear that the street has been in an uproar, that some of the nobility's servants have been fighting, some of the carriages broke, or some of the



company robbed by the pickpockets at the door.

Pharo-tables are indispensable at routs; and these, as well as the cards, and other implements of gaming, are provided by a set of *gentlemen* in the other end of the town, who make a comfortable livelihood by lending out their furniture *per* night.

At a *rout*, it is not necessary to take much notice of the lady of the house, either at entrance or exit; but you must provide a seat at some table, *win*, if you can, but at all events *lose* something. Very considerable losses exalt a *rout* much, and if you have the credit of a young heir being *done over* at your *rout*, it establishes the credit of your house for ever.

Such is a *rout*; and of such *routs* it is not uncommon to hear that there are no less than *six* on one night: a circumstance extremely encouraging to those who, upon the faith of people of fashion, embark their property in the establishment of operas or theatres.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SYMPTOMS OF GENIUS.

EXPERIENCE does not seem to have settled the tokens and symptoms by which we may infallibly judge of human genius or capacity. At what age, for example, may a man's productions in poetry afford us a criterion by which to judge of his ultimate attainments? It is true, if an old fellow of fifty begins to scribble verses which have nothing but the rhyme or numbers, or not even these to recommend them, we may safely admonish him to forbear, for that Nature never designed him for a poet; but if some accident awaken and direct to poetry *youthful* ambition, by what means shall we ascertain how far the first attempt, supposing the first attempt to be unsuccessful, is a sample of

the writer's genuine powers? Every poet must begin, whenever he begins, with writing badly. He cannot start up from his cradle a Pope or a Milton. A progress that terminates in excellence must yet begin with very rude and jejune attempts; and this beginning must be equally unpromising, whether it take place at the age of ten, or twenty, or thirty.

Dean Swift affords a striking example of the uncertainty of these indications. This great man made his entrance in the literary world by one of the wretchedest odes which ever disgraced Grub-street. Stiff, uncouth, awkward as to *sense*, and, as to *measure*, even allowing for the alcaic irregularity, insufferable.

The following extracts will prove this.

"The first of plants after the thunder,  
storm, and rain,  
And thence with joyful, nimble wing,  
Flew dutifully back again.  
Who by that, vainly talks of baffling  
death,  
And hopes to lessen life, by a transfu-  
sion of breath.  
And seem almost transform'd to water,  
flame, and air,  
So well you answer all phenomenas  
there."

If any thing could add to the disgrace of writing such a poem, it is the folly of having addressed it, with a very silly introductory letter, to the writers of the Athenian Oracle, a set of people, whose conceit in offering to answer all questions, ignorance in giving solutions, and credulity, in listening to the grossest falsehoods, are at a perpetual strife, which shall be most noticed. Swift must have been, by the date of his ode, 24 years of age, when he produced this choice morsel.

What critic, however wary and candid, would have hesitated to pronounce the writer of such lines incapable of any future excellence? One would naturally suppose, that, at twenty-four years of age, the *man*

would have fully unveiled himself, and the latent genius have broken from its sleep.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

OLD CASTLES.

*From a Traveller's Correspondence.*

I HAVE had as yet but little opportunity of gratifying my own curiosity or your's, on the subject of old castles, of which we, in our youth, have read so much. In my journey hither (Boulogne) from Biscay, I had no leisure to turn aside from the beaten track. I did, however, steal an hour or two, one day, to pay a visit to the Chateau de Mortville, in the Pyrenees.

One of my companions had business with the owner of this mansion, and, on his invitation, the rest of our company agreed to make a pause of a day in our journey, and attend him to the place.

We were descending the French side of this mountain, when, taking an oblique road through a grove of pines, we reached the domain of the chateau, in which, the first object that struck my sight, in a spot which had once been cleared of trees, but where the underwood, and a smaller growth of wood again, almost concealed it, was a pavilion, which had once been magnificent, but was now in ruins. It was built of various-coloured marbles, found in the Pyrenees; was of Grecian architecture, and seemed to have been a work of taste. The pillars of the portico, though broken, yet supported its roof; and behind it were three apartments, that had once been richly furnished: one as a banquetting room; the other two as rooms for the siesta, which is usually taken here as in Spain.—The canopies, of yellow damask, were fallen, and the hangings of the rooms devoured by the moths, and decayed by the damps from the windows,

which having never been glazed, the shutters had long since dropped down.

There was something particularly melancholy to the mind of the beholder in these vestiges of ancient grandeur. They called to vivid remembrance the disastrous scenes of the revolution, to which the ancient possessor of the adjacent lands was an early victim.

As we proceeded onward, the woods opened into what could only be called a plain, when compared with the surrounding hills, for the ground was rugged and uneven, scattered over with masses of ruined buildings, that had formerly been part of the outward fortifications, but of which some were fallen into the fosse, and others overgrown with alder, ash, and arbeal.

The gate of the castle, and all beyond the moat, however, was yet entire, as were the walls within its circumference, bearing every where the marks of great antiquity, but of such ponderous strength, as time alone had not been able to destroy. Where breaches had been made by cannon, the walls had been repaired; but this work being of less durability than the original structure, had gone to decay; and the depredations of war were still very visible. The whole was composed of grey stone; the towers, at each end, rose, in frowning grandeur, above the rest of the building; and having only loops, and no windows, impressed ideas of darkness and imprisonment, while the moss and wall-flowers filled the interstices of the broken stones; and an infinite number of birds made their nests among the shattered cornices, and half-fallen battlements, filling the air with their shrill cries.

Over the moat, which was broad and deep, but now only half-full of water, which was almost hidden by aquatic plants, sheltering several sorts of water-fowls, that now lived there unmolested, a draw-bridge, with massive chains, led to the gate of the first court, under a high arched gateway, defended by a double



portcullis: this court was where the castle guard were used to parade. It was spacious, and the buildings that surrounded it were gloomily magnificent; but now, no warlike footsteps wore away the grass which grew over the pavement; no martial music echoed among the arches and colonades.

Being introduced to the present occupant of this mansion, who is a sort of agent to the new proprietor, a colonel in the army, who was formerly a barber's journeyman, and who purchased this domain with his share of the plunder in Massena's campaigns, we were led into an immense hall, barbarously magnificent; it was roofed with beams of oak, and the sides covered with standards, and trophies of armour, the perishable parts of which were dropping to pieces. The narrow gothic windows were filled, not with glass that admitted the light, but with glass painted with the achievements of the family, mingled with the heads of saints and martyrs, whose names were now nowhere to be found.

We took up our lodging for the night in this mansion, and our bed-chamber was a long room on the north side of the building, and looked over the moat to a wood of fir and cypress, fringing the abrupt ascent of the mountain, which rose almost perpendicularly from the plain. As this acclivity commanded the castle, two strong redoubts were built on it, where, in hostile times, parties were stationed to keep the enemy from possessing posts, whence the castle might be annoyed. In the port-holes of these fortresses, now fast approaching to decay, the cannon yet remained, though rusty and useless, and the strong buttresses, and circular towers, mantled with ivy, were seen to aspire above the dark trees, on every side encompassing them.

As I marched gravely up a broad stone stair-case, winding in a turret, and through a narrow gallery, to this apartment, I could not help fancying myself a knight of romance,

and that some of the stories of enchanted castles, and wandering adventurers, which you and I used to con over with so much curiosity, were realized. However, I mean hereafter to visit some of the celebrated and most entire edifices of this kind in Guienne or Gascony, and give you a much more particular account of them than my short stay enables me to give you of Mortville.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON TEACHING THE DEAF AND DUMB.

IN reading the accounts which have been published of the successful efforts of Sicard in teaching the deafly dumb, we cannot avoid reflecting on the wonders that might be wrought, by the same pains and assiduity, in instructing those who are in full possession of their senses. What science or accomplishment could not be communicated with less difficulty to the active and sound body and mind, than the art of reading and writing to the deaf and dumb?

How, indeed, is the latter task performed at all? Sicard himself, as well as his admirers, have endeavoured to acquaint us with the means he makes use of. The following is a sketch of his process:

He first of all places before his pupil several simple articles well known in common life, as a key, a knife, a watch, a pencil: he exhibits the various uses of these instruments before him; and when he is well acquainted with their uses by the exercise of his vision, he gradually informs him that he has occasion for them, by representing the action they produce. From this simple sign of the fingers alone he advances to drawing, and delineates these different instruments on paper. The object and the sign of the object hereby mutually represent each other: by touching the object he

expresses his want of the drawing ; by touching the drawing, he expresses his want of the object.— Signs are thus made the representations and symbols of things that are absent, and pave the way most commodiously for the knowledge of letters. This, in reality, is acquired by writing the letters, by which any of the above signs are spelt, against the drawings or signs themselves, and exciting and renewing the attention of the pupil to them till he is acquainted as deeply with their representative power as with that of the drawings or hieroglyphics. To acquaint him with the order in which they occur in the alphabet, and with the difference between vowels and consonants, he is gradually taught the idea that the former have a binding or connecting power over the latter, without the exercise of which they could never be united into words, or become symbolical of things. The letters of the alphabet, are, therefore, on this account, divided by M. Sicard into *connecting* and *connected*, as terms far more familiar and easy to be comprehended by his pupil than the terms vowels and consonants ; the power of each vowel or connecting letter is discovered to him by frequent reference to a variety of words in which it occurs, and the meaning of which is first of all taught by introducing the things for which they stand, or their representative drawings. Some deviation is also made in the accustomed order of the consonants of the alphabet, for the sake of greater simplicity and expedition in learning : the pupil is instructed, in the first instance, to regard P and B as letters whose power, in pronunciation, is nearly similar ; C, Q, K, and G, are, in like manner, regarded as characters of the same family, and between which it is not worth while at first to make any essential distinction ; the same is represented between F and V, M and N, S and Z ; by which means the initiating consonants for the deafly dumb pupil are reduced from nineteen to about seven or eight only,

the powers and characters of which being few in number, and all of them widely distinct from each other, may be easily explained and comprehended. In a manner somewhat similar, and with equal ease, he is taught the science of numbers.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### SETTLEMENT IN MARRIAGE.

AN advantageous settlement in marriage is the universal prize, for which parents, of all classes, enter their daughters upon the lists ; and partiality or self-complacency assures to every competitor the most flattering prospect of success. To this one point tends the principal part of female instruction ; for the promotion of this design, their best years for improvement are sacrificed to the attainment of attractive qualities, showy superficial accomplishments, polished manners, and, in one word, the whole science of pleasing, which is cultivated with unceasing assiduity, as of most essential importance.

The end is laudable, and deserving of every effort that can be exerted to secure it ; a happy marriage may be estimated among the highest felicities of human life ; but it may be doubted, whether the means used to accomplish it are adapted to the purpose, as a first impression is by no means sufficient to determine the preference of a wise man. It is not then sufficient that a girl be qualified to excite admiration ; her own happiness, and that of the man to whom she devotes the remainder of her days, depend upon her possession of those virtues, which alone can preserve lasting esteem and confidence.

The offices of a wife are very different from those of the mere pageant of a ball-room ; and as their nature is more exalted, the talents they require are of a more noble kind : something far beyond the elegant trifler is wanted in a com-



panion for life. A young woman is very ill-adapted to enter into the most solemn of social contracts, who is not prepared, by her education, to become the participator of her husband's cares, the consoler of his sorrows, his stimulator to every praise-worthy undertaking, the partner in the labours and vicissitudes of life, the faithful and economical manager of his affairs, the judicious superintendant of his family, the wise and affectionate mother of his children, the preserver of his honour, his chief counsellor, and, to sum up all, the chosen friend of his bosom. If a modern female education be not calculated to produce these effects, as few surely will judge it to be, who reflect upon its tendency, it is incompetent to that very purpose, which is confessedly its main object, and must therefore be deemed imperfect, and require reformation.

It may also be doubted whether the present system be better suited to qualify women for sustaining the other characters which they may be destined to fulfil. Those of widowhood and a single life are the allotment of many, and to support them with dignity requires peculiar force of mind. Adversity often places both sexes in situations wholly unexpected; against such transitions, the voice of wisdom admonishes each to be prepared by early acquaintance with those principles which fortify and enable it to sustain the unavoidable strokes of fortune with firmness, and to exert the most prudent means to obviate their consequences; but the bias given to the female mind by the present system encourages the keenest sensibility on the most trifling occasions, its chief design being to polish, rather than to strengthen.

A well governed temper, is, of all qualities, the most useful to conduct us steadily through the vexatious circumstances, which attack, with undistinguishing violence, the prosperous and the unfortunate; and is eminently necessary to women, whose peculiar office it is to lessen

the inconveniences of domestic life; though, as a moral obligation, equally incumbent upon men. A well governed temper is the support of social enjoyment, and the bond of conjugal affection; deficient in this, a mother is unqualified for conducting the education of her children, and a mistress unfitted to govern her servants. This self-command differs widely from that apathy which is the effect of constitution: in order to insure respect and love, we must possess an equability, which can only result from reflection and habitual culture. Such a subjection of the angry passions to reason and duty accommodates itself to circumstances, and the disposition of others with whom we are connected; it gives superiority in every contest, and is of inestimable value to the possessor on every trial.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND MOCK-BIRD.

WE Americans who have never passed the ocean, and many of us, indeed, who have crossed it, are utter strangers to the nightingale, except in description. In this way, indeed, there are few objects more familiar to us; since, in all the descriptive poets of the old world, from Virgil to Cowper, the nightingale is a perpetual theme of panegyric; and hence we have naturally imbibed a most profound veneration for this chief of natural musicians.

I own I have always had a good deal of curiosity about this bird. I have for many years enquired, whether it has ever been imported into our hemisphere? whether the bird retains its musical powers in exile? or, whether any of our native birds are qualified, by their note, to convey any idea of the song of the nightingale? Hitherto all my enquiries have been fruitless, and I cannot find that a nightingale has ever taken a voyage to America, or

that, should one of them be turned adrift in our woods, he would recognize, among our native warblers, any one that spoke his own language.

Such being my curiosity, I was highly pleased in meeting, the other day, with some curious particulars of the nightingale, drawn up by one whose experience and veracity are equally worthy of respect.

This person informs me that the nightingale seems to have been fixed upon, almost universally, as the chief among singing birds, which superiority it certainly may boldly challenge: one reason, however, of this bird's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night.

Hence Shakespeare says,

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

The song of this bird hath been described and expatiated upon by several writers, particularly Pliny and Strada, and, by all describers, ancient and modern, the palm of superior melody has always been conferred upon it, a pre-eminence to which it is well entitled.

In the first place, its tone is infinitely more mellow than that of any other bird, though, at the same time, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, it can be excessively brilliant.

When this bird *sings its song round*, in its whole compass, I have observed sixteen different beginnings and closes, at the same time that the intermediate notes were commonly varied in their succession with such judgment, as to produce a most pleasing variety.

The bird which approaches nearest to the excellence of the nightingale, in this respect, is the sky-lark; but then the tone is infinitely inferior in point of mellowness: most other singing birds have not above four or five changes.

The next point of superiority, in a nightingale, is its continuance of song without a pause, which I have observed sometimes not to be less than twenty seconds. Whenever respiration, however, became necessary, it was taken with as much judgment as by an opera-singer. The sky-lark, again, in this particular, is only second to the nightingale.

I describe a caged nightingale, because those which we hear in the spring are so rank, that they seldom sing any thing but short and loud jerks, which consequently cannot be compared to the notes of a caged bird, as the instrument is overstrained.

My nightingale is a very capital bird; for some of them are so vastly inferior that the bird-fanciers will not keep them, branding them with the name of Frenchmen.

But it is not only in tone and variety that the nightingale excels; the bird also sings, if I may so express myself, with superior judgment and taste.

My nightingale begins softly, like the ancient orators; reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect, and which eludes all verbal description.

I have indeed taken down certain passages which may be reduced to our musical intervals; but though by these means one may form an idea of some of the notes used, yet it is impossible to give their comparative durations in point of musical tune, upon which the whole effect must depend.

I once procured a very capital player on the flute to execute the notes which Kircher hath engraved in his *Musurgia*, as being used by the nightingale; when, from want of not being able to settle their comparative duration, it was impossible to observe any traces almost of the nightingale's song.

The names given, by bird-trainers, to the various *bars* in this bird's song, are formed from a supposed affinity between the name and the thing signified. They are *sweet*,



*sweet jug, jug sweet; water-bubble; pipe-rattle, bell-pipe, skroty; skeg-skeg-skeg; swat-swat-swatty; whitlow, whitlow, whitlow, &c.*

I have often considered whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird; though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe.

As birds are now annually imported in great numbers from Asia, Africa, and America, I have frequently attended to their notes, both singly and in concert, which, certainly are not to be compared to those of Europe.

Thomson the poet (whose observations in natural history are much to be depended upon) makes this superiority in the European birds to be a sort of compensation for their great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. Our goldfinch, however, joins, to a very brilliant and pleasing song, a most beautiful variety of colours in its feathers.

It must be admitted that foreign birds, when brought to Europe, are often heard to a great disadvantage; as many of them, from their great tameness, have certainly been brought up by hand.

I have, however, chanced to hear the mock-bird in great perfection. In the course of a minute he imitated the wood-lark, chaffinch, black-bird, thrush, and swallow. He was able, too, to bark like a dog, so that the bird seems to imitate blindly, and without choice. He performed, too, in a rich mellow whistle, a simple Scots air, in adagio time, of seventy-six notes. This pipe comes nearest to the nightingale of any bird I ever met with.

I have little doubt this bird would be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass; but then from the attention which this feathered mimic pays to any casual and disagreeable noise, these capital notes would always be debased by a bad mixture.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON PERSIAN POETRY AND HAFIZ.

OF late years, there has been a good deal said about Persian poetry, and several translations have been made from its volumes, from which many persons are inclined to infer, that this language is as well stored with genuine poetical treasure as any ancient or modern tongue of Europe. Whatever may be my *taste*, I have very strong poetical inclinations, and I have accordingly taken great pains to acquire as intimate an acquaintance with the Persian poetry, as my ignorance of the original language will permit.

The Persian poetry is chiefly of the lyric kind, and its brightest ornament seems to be Hafiz. Perhaps some of your readers, whose curiosity resembles mine, may be gratified by such an account as I have been able to collect of this bard and his productions.

The lyric odes of Persia and indeed of all the Asiatics, are denominated *ghazels*, or *gazels*. They are generally dedicated to love and wine, and are occasionally intermixed with moral sentiments, and reflections on virtue and vice. Like the Italian sonnet, the *gazel* is limited in its length and its rhymes: yet, unlike the sonnet, which consists but of one thought, the *gazel* admits the most sudden and abrupt change in every *beit* or stanza of which it consists. In a legitimate ode these stanzas are never fewer than five, nor more than eleven, beyond which number it assumes the name of *rasside*, or elegy. Some, indeed, maintain, that the *gazel* may extend to thirteen *beits*, without forfeiting its purity; and that it is still a pure and classical *gazel*, if contracted to not less than eighteen.

To European readers, the abrupt and unconnected sentiments of which these different *beits* consist, give the Persian ode the appearance of disorder and obscurity; but the bard of Iran is not within

the jurisdiction of our tribunals, nor subject to the same system of laws, and consequently we have no right to condemn him for deviations from a code to which he will not submit. All oriental poetry exhibits something of this sudden and precipitous wandering from thought to thought, from subject to subject; and it is impossible to peruse even the Song of Solomon, which has considerable pretensions to regularity, and is the finest pastoral that ever was written, without perceiving some degree of the same poetical disorder.

The gazel has some apology to offer for such abrupt transitions. It pretends to be an extemporaneous rhapsody, spoken at a public banquet, and over the most delicious wines, when imagination takes the lead of judgment, and the whole soul yields itself up to the capricious sallies of wit, and the swift emotions of love. Darwin has compared the detached pictures of which his poem consists to festoons of flowers united by a fine and delicate riband; and the comparison, if we wanted one, would equally apply to the disjunctive and independent couplets of the gazel.

Several translations have been made, of some of the gazels of Hafiz, into Greek and Latin, and the most judicious critics are inclined to imagine, that these are the best, if not the only languages, the genius of which is sufficiently adapted to the Persian, for the purposes of elegant translation.

The characteristic of the Persian is its facility of creating compound epithets, and hereby of exciting ideas, either altogether original, or more delicate, and, at the same time, more powerful, than can be roused by the disjunctive use of the radicals of which those compound epithets consist. But the Greek tongue has this happy peculiarity nearly in an equal degree with the Persian itself; and, from its unrivalled mellifluence possesses by far the advantage of the Latin.

Among modern languages, the

English and German are said to be preferable to all others, for this use. The Persian itself has not a greater aptitude of creating compound adjuncts than the German, and the English is not far behind it in the possession of this curious felicity. The Italian, undoubtedly, has the advantage in volubility and softness, but, like the Latin, it is extremely deficient in this treasure of inestimable value. The harsh and guttural genius of the German may be supposed, at first sight, to make it an inadequate vehicle for the elegance of Persian sounds; but under the dedalian power of Gesner, the gazel of Iran might be translated into German prose, and of Klopstock into German metre, without any great detriment to its acknowledged euphony. At the same time, the German tongue is naturally less musical than the English, and on this account the latter is doubtless preferable to any modern tongue for conveying to foreign ears the melody of Hafiz.

This poet was born, passed his life, and died, at Shiraz, in Persia. His death took place in 1394, and his tomb is still seen, and is still enthusiastically venerated in the neighbourhood of that city. His poems, which were never perfectly arranged during his life time, were collected after his death into one volume, by Seid Cassem Anovar, and have become the subject of universal admiration among the nations of the east. To a rich variety and brilliancy of thought, which is all the poet's own, they often unite the sublimity of Ferdosi, and the benevolence and morality of Sadi.

The popularity of Hafiz, however, seems to have depended on his gazels alone; for, notwithstanding his retirement, he by no means kept himself unspotted from the world. The pleasures of "the ruby-coloured wine" were too powerful for his resistance; and his voluptuous wanderings among the fair did not constitute, if we may credit his own writings, the most criminal of his amours. To rescue him, however,



from so foul a charge as this last, his commentators have pretended that his gazels are full of religious mysteries, and that almost every expression has a two-fold meaning, the external and cupidinous being only a veil for the esoteric and concealed, which is all purity and devotion. Two of these annotators, Feridun and Sudi, have defended the salacious bard with all the elegance and force of the Turkish language, in which their commentaries are written. And D'Herbelot himself has been half persuaded to credit their fantastic explanations, from the poet's having preferred a life of seclusion to the pomp of courts and the tumult of public society. Our English translators, however, notwithstanding this "eloquence of mystery," feel themselves under the perpetual necessity of curtailing its luxuriance, and often of giving a very different sense from that conveyed by the text: and under their plastic power of transformation, the "angel-faced cup-bearer" and "infidel boy" are converted into damsels and nymphs of paradise.

In reality, however, the wildly figurative languages of the east, and the bold excursions which all Asiatic poets allow themselves, lay an easy foundation for the belief of an esoteric or mysterious meaning among readers of a warm and luxuriant imagination: and, on this account, the same kind of double interpretation has been often attributed to the Song of Solomon by rabbinical as well as by christian expositors.

With respect to Hafiz it is obvious, however, that religion occupied no great portion of his life, and, of course, that his gazels have little pretensions to piety, both from his own confession, and the conduct of the populace upon his decease. On his death, so great was the opposition made to his enjoying the rites of interment, by many of the chief men of Shiraz, on account of the indecency of his poems, that a violent contest ensued between his friends and his opposers.

Hafiz himself, and other writers, amply describe the effect his poetry had in those times. Popular veneration seems to have risen into wild and frantic superstition, as may be inferred from many serious appeals made to the oracular and ominous influence of these compositions, both at and after his death, by a mode of soothsaying or divination, similar to the Sortes of the Latins, and familiar to the Asiatics. An old poet declares, that the delicate suavity of these gazels is unparalleled in the productions of any poet: and, in truth, Hafiz himself is but too often found, like Horace, trumpeting forth his own praise, and pluming himself on the universality of his fame.

We have evidence of the operation of his poetry on succeeding ages, particularly from grammarians, who assert, that the poesy of Hafiz derived its innate grace from having been bathed in the waters of life, and that it equalled the virgins of paradise in beauty; and from travellers, among whom we may mention sir T. Herbert, Kœmpfer, Chardin, and Francklin. Even in India, his gay and lively airs are more frequently introduced in their musical festivities, than the compositions of any other poet, however celebrated, whether Hindoo or Mahometan, either of Bengal or Deckan.

Nothing has so much excited the curiosity of English readers, with respect to Persian poetry, and Hafiz in particular, as the suffrage in its favour of that eminent scholar and critic, sir William Jones. What *he*, who was an incomparable proficient in Greek and Roman literature, and an elegant poet in his native language, approved, must surely be entitled to some regard. And yet, when we examine the few translations which have hitherto been published from Hafiz, I, for my part, am unable to discover in them any original or transcendent merit.

We may easily conceive that this poet, in his native language, may possess the most exquisite charms: because words and numbers have an

excellence independent of their meaning. All languages have the materials of a style, in which those versed in it derive the pleasures which painting and music are qualified to give; and we are told, that the Persian language abounds in a particular manner in the artifices and felicities of number and expression. But of these qualities, a stranger to the language cannot possibly judge. All within his reach is the bare thought or image conveyed in a literal translation.

From these translations we discover, what indeed their warmest admirers readily acknowledge, that these poems contain nothing but the praises of woman and wine. This praise is delivered in a sort of dramatic manner, by which the tippler is displayed to our view, seated at the banquet, with his mistress beside him, calling for a fresh supply of liquor. His *love*, indeed, is not of that sort which European poets of the present age delight to celebrate, since its fervours are as readily excited by a *boy* as by a girl.

Though there are extant near six hundred odes of Hafiz, there is a most unvarying uniformity among them. The two great images that seem to dance eternally before him are wine, with its power to soothe or madden, and the object, *either male or female*, of another appetite, who figures either as coy or kind. These images form the substance of every ode, and the collateral reflections, with which they are most sparingly sprinkled, are proverbial and common-place, and derive as little value from their moral or useful tendency, as from their novelty.

The following is a literal translation of one of these odes, and is a faithful sample of the whole.

O minstrel with a sweet voice! begin  
an air that is fresh and new:  
*Call for heart-expanding wine fresh and fresh.*  
Sit down from prying eyes, and enjoy  
thy mistress, as a game, in private:  
Snatch eager kisses from her fresh and fresh.

*How canst thou eat the bread of life without drinking wine?*

Quaff wine to her dear remembrance again and again.

O cup-bearer with legs of silver, I am intoxicated with the love of thy beauty!

*Quick fetch the cup, that I may fill it again and again.*

My heart-ravishing angel makes for me  
Ornaments of various hues, and odours afresh and afresh.

O! gentle zephyr, when thou passest by  
the habitation of my fairy,

Afresh and afresh tell her, in whispers,  
the tale of Hafiz.

What is the substance of the above strains? When we come to enquire into their real meaning, we shall find nothing but an unsubstantial phantom; nothing worthy of the name of a thought; nothing but an incoherent calling for more wine, with abrupt declarations of love to the boy that waits.

If we would see how these monotonous and heartless images can be embellished with the charms of style and the trappings of European fancy, we may turn to a translation, by sir William Jones, of one of these odes which are in highest repute. We shall find, in the following stanzas, all the refinements of verse, rhyme, and amplification lavished upon something, which, when we come to analyze it, will turn out to be as trite, incoherent, and unmeaning, as the ode already given. How do these frigid compositions shrink into contempt, when put into comparison with the glowing images and thrilling sentiments, the rich and varied strains of Burns, pregnant with a meaning, that melts the heart, and exalts the fancy.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck infold,  
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,  
Would give thy poet more delight  
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,  
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,  
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,



Whate'er the frowning zealots say:  
Tell them, their Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Rocabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,  
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,  
Their dear destructive charms display,  
Each glance my tender breast invades,  
And robs my wounded soul of rest,  
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:  
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,  
New lustre to those charms impart?  
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,  
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,  
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the  
theme,  
And talk of odours, talk of wine,  
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:  
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;  
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
That even the chaste Egyptian dame  
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;  
For her how fatal was the hour,  
When to the banks of Nilus came  
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear  
(Youth should attend when those advise  
Whom long experience renders sage):  
While music charms the ravish'd ear,  
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!  
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:  
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?  
Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
From lips which streams of sweetness  
fill,  
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
Like orient pearls at random strung:  
Thy notes are sweet the damsels say;  
But O! far sweeter, if they please  
The nymph for whom these notes are  
sung.

B.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### TRADE IN BIRDS.

A MAN, in estimating the commerce of a country, would hardly take into view the trade in singing birds: yet this trade is by no means despicable.

Canary birds, which are so fashionable in Europe and America, are chiefly bred at Inspruch, which is an inaccessible spot among the Alps: from thence they are sent to Constantinople, and every part of Europe. The trade to England in these birds is in the hands of four or five natives of Tyrol. They bring annually about sixteen hundred, which pay a duty of twenty pounds. Yet notwithstanding this duty, and though they are brought a thousand miles on men's backs, they find their account in selling them for five shillings a-piece.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### WHY ARE DIAMONDS VALUABLE?

THE value of the diamond depends upon its rarity. It has, indeed, a lustre and hardness superior to that of other terrestrial productions; but these qualities, which may make it useful, do not constitute its value, or enhance the price that is given for it. Its price depends almost entirely upon its rarity. If diamonds were as common as glass, they would be as cheap.

The value set upon diamonds astonishes a simple mind. Nothing but the strongest evidence would make us believe some statements that are given of this value. The prodigality of the rich in this article furnishes a more stupendous example of human folly than any other circumstance.

The rarity of diamonds is a very extraordinary circumstance, since they are merely a modification of charcoal, which is the most common

and cheap substance in use. Indeed there are similar examples, equally extraordinary, to be met with. The adamantine spar is as rare as the diamond, though only an aluminous earth; and iron, never found in perfection, has scarcely ever been discovered in a metallic state. The same thing may, indeed, be said of glass. Though silicious substances be so abundant, and the medium which assists, and the agent which produces their fusion so plentiful in nature, I much doubt whether there is a cubic inch of good transparent glass, produced without the assistance of man, on the surface of the globe. A globule of such glass is in reality rarer than the largest diamond.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### MILTON'S FAMILY.

IT is the opinion of some, that talents, like houses and noses, are inheritable. This persuasion is probably founded upon facts that are exceptions, and not examples, of a general rule. It would reflect some light upon this subject, to examine the history of great men in their descendants: to enquire, for example, into the history of the posterity of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Of all men, Milton seems to have owed most both to nature and to education. In natural genius, in acquired knowledge, in the benefits of scholastic instruction, of foreign travel, of political activity, of social intercourse, in personal beauty and accomplishments, few can vie with Milton. What portion of all these admirable properties descended to his children? What has become of the Miltons? may a speculative enquirer be allowed to ask. They descended, before or after his death, to the lowest walks of life, and his last remaining descendant, a granddaughter, passed a long life in a

petty haberdashery shop, poor and ignorant.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN MODERNIZED.

BY what title are we to distinguish that species of composition, of which Dryden affords us examples in his *Palamon and Arcite*, and Pope in his *Wife of Bath* and his imitations of Donne? These poets take the substance, the sentiments, and images of certain ancient writers of their own country, and give them a language and numbers of their own. The dialect of the old poet is nearly unintelligible. His metre is rude or antiquated; some of his images quaint, unapt, and injudicious. All these disadvantages vanish under the modern pen, and the sterling gold, which, an obsolete and half-worn superscription, would scarcely allow to be current, becomes, by passing anew through the mint, a distinct, legible, and beautiful modern coin, which every body admires and covets.

There is, however, a certain class of students to whom this new dress is by no means a recommendation. An antiquated dialect and metre adorn and exalt, in their apprehension, instead of debasing or obscuring the author. That train of thoughts and studies, which terminates in this excessive veneration for antiquity, is natural to all minds, but all minds are not in the way of imbibing this passion. The dialect of Chaucer and Spenser may augment the value of their compositions to a few, but, doubtless, it creates an insuperable obstacle to the study of them in the minds of the many. These writers are pretty much in the situation of writers in a foreign language, and as much require translation as Virgil, Klopstock, or Racine, to make them intelligible and agreeable to the ears of their



posterity. Indeed this modernizing system is nothing but a species of translation, susceptible of the same licence, and subject to the same laws.

What Chaucer's appearance is in modern language, we see in the specimens given us by Pope and Dryden. Of Spencer we have hitherto had no opportunity of judging in this way. Yet Spencer possesses all the excellencies of the poet in a degree unspeakably superior to Chaucer. We may form some notion of the transcendant charms which this poet, if his lines were new modelled by a skilful hand, would acquire, by reading the late translation of Wieland's *Oberon*, a poem written in the genuine Spenserian manner. What an inestimable banquet would the translator of Wieland provide for us, by taking the *Fairy Queen* in hand, and bestowing the same bewitching numbers and style upon a poet who deserves them, at least as much as Wieland.

The scruples of the classical antiquarian could not be offended by a proceeding of this kind. The poet, in his native and pristine dress, would still remain, and they would have the same opportunities, as formerly, of delving in this mine of *English undefiled*.

The enterprising translator need not be intimidated by the great extent of the *Fairy Queen*. There would be no necessity of new-modelling the whole of that work. The first book is entire in itself, or might easily be made so, and since the original plan of the writer is incomplete, even taking all that is extant, the properties of unity and coherence would be more effectually attained by separating this portion from the rest, and treating it as one poem, than by connecting it with the rest. It is well known that the original poem consisted of twelve books, of which only six were ever published. The cord, by which these twelve rods were bound together into one bundle, was displayed at the conclu-

sion of the whole. Not only this cord, but half of the intended number of rods have perished: so that what remain have no more connection with each other, than what results from the mere circumstance of being numbered successively, first, second, third, and so on; and being published under one general title, a title, the aptitude and propriety of which has wholly disappeared, in consequence of the loss of the concluding book or canto. R.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER EXAMINED.

WARBURTON triest to persuade us, that Pope's *Universal Prayer* is only a paraphrase of the *Lord's Prayer*. I can see no foundation for this notion: of the fifty-two lines that compose it, only two,

That mercy I to others show  
That mercy show to me,

appear to bear any resemblance to the *Lord's Prayer*. Of the rest, the whole tenor and spirit, if not adverse, does, at least, bear no similitude to that eloquent, sublime, and simple invocation.

Most of these stanzas are abstruse and metaphysical, and, instead of being favourable to revelation, seem directly to exclude it. The sentiments respecting the Deity, forms of worship, human duty, are all friendly to ease, contentment, inactivity, and selfish enjoyment.

The first stanza abolishes at once all distinctions between religions, and between the Deity of Jews, christians, and pagans, as more or less pure and worthy to be worshipped.

Father of all, in every age,  
In every clime ador'd,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

In the second stanza, the poet asserts, that all human knowledge is limited to this :

— that thou art God,  
And that myself am blind.

The next stanza contradicts this modest avowal of ignorance, and affirms thus :

Yet gave me, *in this dark estate*,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

That part of mankind, who deny the power of *all* men to distinguish, in this absolute way, evil from good, and who maintain the moral and religious truth of the necessity of human actions, will not be much edified by this passage.

The tenor of the two following stanzas is certainly irreconcilable with the spirit and obligations of revealed religion.

What *conscience* dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me, *more than hell*, to shun,  
That, *more than heaven*, pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away ;  
For *God is paid when man receives* :  
*T' enjoy is to obey.*

In fine, this ode, or prayer, may be considered as the creed of one who lays aside all regard for religious distinctions and tenets, and rejects every standard of duty but the casual suggestions of conscience : that is, the notion of right or wrong which every man acquires from some source or other. From this remark we must except the allusion to *free will*, in which the poet makes his good man embrace, with great confidence, a party in one of the most abstruse, perplexed, and indeterminate of all theological controversies.

O.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

HAS CLASSICAL LEARNING AN  
ANTI-CHRISTIAN TENDENCY?

BEFORE the *reformation* of religion, the Romish clergy, with the pope at their head, were railed at with unwearied animosity : their avarice, pride, sensuality, and hypocrisy were blazoned in all possible shapes. The vices of the priesthood became a bye-word ; the sting of every jest, the burthen of every ballad, the theme of every declamation : yet it excited no alarm, and provoked no punishment. It prevailed, indeed, with more acrimony in the metropolis of the reigning religion than any where else.

These invectives, though less violent than *before*, came to be viewed in a very different light *after* the reformation. That which had previously been uttered with impunity, and listened to with smiles, was thenceforth discountenanced as sacrilege and treason, and pursued with vengeance and rage.

It is curious to observe in what different light the same thing is placed by a difference of circumstances.

The present age seems to have produced a similar event in relation to political distinctions. Mankind might rail as much as they pleased at clerical establishments, provided they practically acquiesced in their authority, and *did* nothing to subvert them. So wits and moralists might make the vices and follies of kings and ministers, the noble and the rich, the topic of unceasing invective, with impunity, and awaken in the subject of their satire only smiles and good-humour, as long as this hostility was confined merely to invective : but when men began to entertain designs of reducing kings and nobles to the level of other mortals, and of utterly dissolving those distinctions, by which the wealthy, for the most part, hold their wealth, *the case was quite altered* : laughter gave place to frowns, and exile



and death were denounced, where formerly all was lenity and allowance.

No one railed more at kings and lords than Pope. If we consult and believe his writings, we should be tempted to imagine, that wisdom or virtue, or liberal knowledge, is incompatible with rank or royalty. Ignorance, pride, folly, are, according to him, the sole *generical* distinctions of the great and the rich: yet princes and lords were the friends of Pope, and, no doubt, relished his jokes, though made at their own expence, in no small degree.

The most offensive tenets of the present times would express themselves, in relation to these matters, in terms hardly more strong than those of this poet. What censure could they utter more severe than this?

Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,  
Born *where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.*

The same versatility is strongly illustrated in the history of human conduct and opinions, respecting the religious symbols, rites, and traditions of the Greeks and Romans. Christianity originally made its way among men, in opposition to these rites and symbols. The world was peopled with the worshippers of Jupiter and Venus. Their temples and altars were frequented with religious adoration. The prayers addressed to them were put up with a sincere belief in their divinity, and a lively faith in the efficacy of these prayers. To discontinue and renounce these prayers, to overthrow these fanes, statues, and altars, was the natural dictate of the new religion.

Hence the general ruin that involved the architectural, sculptural, and literary monuments of the ancients. Their poems and narratives were merely tributes to the honour of false and pernicious divinities. Their temples were the resorts of

superstition, whose extirpation could not be more effectually promoted than by the utter destruction of the priest, the temple, the statue, and the hymn.

In process of time, the Roman world became entirely christian. All former prejudices, habits, and traditions were exterminated in the lapse of a dozen centuries. The links which connected devotional ideas and remembrances with the ancient temple and statue, with the drama or the hymn of Homer, Sophocles, and Pindar, were utterly dissolved. Mankind found themselves able to view, without any danger of adoring, those objects of primitive superstition. They were able to perceive the grace, beauty, or sublimity which these objects possessed, disconnected with their claims to divine worship, with the consideration of the sentiments of their original builders or inventors. Their admiration of these qualities led them to display the same zeal in restoring and preserving those monuments of past ages, which had already been displayed in their overthrow and devastation. Hence the popes and cardinals of the sixteenth century did all in their power to restore what their predecessors, in the fourth and fifth centuries, had laboured to demolish. The latter were accused of ignorance and barbarism in waging war against the statues and relievos of the Capitol and Pantheon; but surely this war was completely justifiable. It was even necessary to the advancement of the christian religion, though the modern Leos and Clements might, with equal propriety, ratify a truce with those marble gods, since they were now regarded, not as objects of religious veneration, but merely as specimens of human art.

A stranger, with imperfect information, would be oddly affected by the prevalence of Greek and Roman ideas in modern times. Should he go into our seminaries, he would find our youth, at the most docile and susceptible age, intensely busy in the study of the names, history,

and attributes of deities long since exploded. He would find them laboriously conning over volumes, which may be considered, in some sense, as the *bibles* of paganism. In opening our books he would find perpetual allusions to these antiquated deities, not in terms hostile or contemptuous, but exactly in the same apparent spirit with the Romans and Athenians. Our poetry abounds in hymns and invocations to these imaginary gods, which cannot be distinguished by any thing but language from those which the Greeks and Romans were accustomed to offer. Our greatest geniuses have thought themselves worthily employed in translating the ancient hymns into modern tongues.

This fashion has seldom excited any alarm as to the stability of the popular faith. No tutor thinks it necessary to apprise his pupil that the stories of Ovid and Virgil are false, or to guard his imagination against implicitly crediting their fables. A sincere convert to paganism would be deemed, in the present age, quite a prodigy. Some may deem such opinions not absolutely inconsistent with sound intellects; but, in general, such belief would be thought the clearest evidence of madness. Thomas Taylor, an eminent scholar, now alive, has avowed his belief in paganism in the most positive manner; but the voluminous publications of this man afford numerous proofs, besides this one, of insanity.

This kind of education, this early and intimate acquaintance with all the apparatus of the *old* Roman religion, has been fashionable during several centuries. The most eminent dignitaries of the church, and some of the most famous devotees, have been celebrated for their knowledge of, and attachment to, this mythology. Nay, in almost every European hierarchy, this kind of knowledge has been an indispensable qualification of a teacher of the gospel. To be conversant with the history, literature, and *religion* of a nation that was not christian, and

on the ruins of whose habits, literature, and religion christianity was built, is deemed, not only ornamental in the citizen, but necessary to the preacher of truth.

These may justly be considered as groundless and absurd modes; and they have frequently and deservedly been condemned: but the reasons for condemning them have seldom or never been built upon the supposed danger there is of the student's conversion to the religion of the Athenian populace, or of his becoming, on this account, lukewarm or hostile to that of his own country, and his own times. Of all objections to classical learning, this is surely the most groundless and absurd.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE ART OF WAR.

THE art of war has undergone a considerable change in the course of the eighteenth century; and the rapidity of the movements, as well as the extensive line on which they are conducted towards its close, form a striking contrast to the precision and regularity which in the early part of the century distinguished the campaigns of the duke of Marlborough. The great Frederic brought the old system to its utmost perfection; the Austrians adopted it, and have been compelled to change it by the French, who have made as great a revolution in their art of war as in their politics.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON HAPPINESS.

WHETHER happiness or misery occupies the heaviest scale, in the balance of human experience, is a question that will never be universally decided. The tribe of benevolent philosophers fancy that the



good greatly predominates, and draw inferences from the wonder-working power of habit, not only to equalize the goods of every condition in human life, but almost to annihilate the evils. Wealth, they say, is accompanied with its train of peculiar evils, and poverty by a numerous company of benefits, to which poverty alone gives a claim.

Let us listen to the feelings of one who received a full measure of the joys and sorrows of this life; and if speculation can but little help us to a right decision, let us bow to the lessons of experience. The poet Burns expresses himself thus, in a letter to a friend:

"After all that has been said on the other side of the question, man is by no means a happy creature. I do not speak of the selected few, favoured by partial heaven; whose souls are tuned to gladness, amid riches and honours, and prudence and wisdom. I speak of the neglected many, whose nerves, whose sinews, whose days, are sold to the minions of fortune.

"If I thought you had never seen it, I would transcribe for you a stanza of an old Scottish ballad, called, 'The Life and Age of Man;' beginning thus:

'Twas in the sixteenth hunder year  
Of God and fifty-three,  
Frae Christ was born, that bought us  
dear,  
As writings testifie.'

"I had an old grand-uncle, with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years; the good old man, for such he was, was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'

"It is this way of thinking, it is these melancholy truths, that make religion so precious to the poor miserable children of men. If it is a mere phantom, existing only in the heated imagination of enthusiasm,

'What truth on earth so precious as the lie!'

"My idle reasonings sometimes make me a little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophizings the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth; the soul affianced to her God; the correspondence fixed with heaven; the pious supplication and devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn; who thinks to meet with these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life? No: to find them in their precious importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress."

Religious people tell us, that, in a future state, all the disorders of the present system of things will be rectified, that every suffering will be amply compensated, and man deprived of even the *power* to injure himself, to impair his own felicity.

By these reasonings it is generally intended merely to raise the sum of good, to intellectual beings, higher than the sum of evil; but the truth is, that such considerations produce an immediate effect. They fill the mind, directly and immediately, with joy and hope. The *prospect* of future good annihilates the *present* evil. The reward is possessed the moment it is distinctly unveiled to view.

I think I never saw the influence of religious promises on present happiness portrayed with more touching eloquence, than in the following passages from a genuine letter of a nameless and obscure girl to her friend, which is in my possession:

"Ignorance, I believe, my Julia, is the mother of some kinds of happiness; at least, of quietude. How can we regret what we have never lost? and to lose it we must have it; and by having it only can we know its value? I am now, in all external respects, just as if I never had a sister; but how different

would my feelings be, if, in truth, they had never been born !

"How my mother shrieked over a breathless son who died in childhood ! But suppose the boy had never been born ; then, as now, she would have had but four children, and she would not have lamented that they were but four.

"Pleasure and pain, my Julia, strangely run into and mingle with each other. Ignorance, I said, is the mother of content ; but I would not, for all that, be ignorant. Contentment, methinks, is no desirable thing. Pleasure, indeed, cannot be had without the risk, at least, of accompanying or ensuing pain ; but this mixture of bitter and sweet is better than the utterly insipid ; better than the limpid, tasteless potion of indifference.

"But why do I call the broken bones of sympathy pain ? Why, indeed, do I call them *broken* ? Death severs us not from those we love. They still exist, not in our remembrance only, but with true existence ; and if good, their being is a happy one. What more should we wish, and why should life, with all its cares and maladies, be prayed for, either for ourselves or our friends ?

"My friend removes to the next village, or he crosses the sea ; but I am not much unhappy, even at parting, and that sadness is succeeded soon by sweet tranquillity. He is living, and is prosperous, and forgets me not ; and some time I shall see him again, and that consoles me in his absence ; but how blind is my sagacity !

"How know I that he lives ! that he is virtuous and happy ! that he gives me still a place in his remembrance. Is he not a mortal creature, and encompassed, therefore, by the causes of sickness and death ; beset by temptations, and liable to new affections, that exclude the old ?

"But intelligence is brought that he is dead, and why should I weep ? Am I grieved that he has gone, from perishable, feverish life, to that eternity, where maladies of

mind, and ills of body betide him no more ?

"But I have lost him !

"No ; while he lived I had lost him indeed, for the space between us was so wide that I saw him never, and heard from him but rarely ; but now has he not come home to me ? and do I not hourly commune with him ? Am I not sure of his existence and safety, for my friend was good ? And is he not more present to my thoughts, and more the guardian of my virtue, and partaker of my sympathy, than ever ?

"But I shall never see him more !

"Indeed ! and whose fault will be that ? I must die like him. It is uncertain when ; but *then* we shall meet. And what, then, but my own unworthiness, my own misdeeds, shall sever us ? Nothing but guilt will divide us from each other dead, though virtue itself was unable to unite us living. And how invigorating to my fortitude, what barrier against temptation is that belief !

"No, my Julia, death is no calamity to virtue, to dead or to living worth. Our wailings for the dead are breathed only by thoughtless or erring sensibility. Is it not so ? I would not affirm too positively, or too much, I know *so* little. Yet I can't but think that many of our woes are selfish woes.

"Yet I mourned for my sisters, but rebuked myself while I mourned. Such reflections as those comforted me ; but they would not come at first, nor would they stay long, till time had soothed me into some composure. Now and then, at thoughtful moments, when taken, if I may say so, unaware, my tears gushed anew, and my breast was agonized by sobs.

"Still have I, as I long have had, something that may be called sorrow ; but a sweet, a chastening, a heart-improving sorrow. Most dearly do I prize it. For the world I would not part with my sorrow. Glad am I that I once had sisters, and I have them still ; but I would not have them any where on earth.



"It seems to be, Julia, that the only true grief is connected with guilt. Every other has so many gleams and respites, and is so transient, and carries in its train so many after joys! But remorse! the sense of scorn deserved; the weight of indignation, human and divine; *that* must be agony indeed."

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

M. CHAPTAL'S account of the method of fertilizing the mountains in the Cevennes is curious, and shows how necessity will, at times, render the most infertile regions productive, though, perhaps, the exertions of these mountaineers are not equalled by the patient industry of the Chinese in similar situations. The inhabitants of the Cevennes raise walls at the bottoms of the mountains across the termination of the gullies, which suffer the water to escape, and retain the soil. Parallel ones are erected at different heights; and thus nature forms the hanging gardens which supply the mountaineer with the food which his attentive industry has so justly merited. The receding strata of of the calcareous rocks are by a similar method formed into various plats of a smaller size.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE BURTHEN OF POMP.

IT is no new remark, that the honours and distinctions of the world are generally purchased, not only at the expence of much money, but of much health, comfort, and ease. As fashion is many-fold and ever-varying, it must be in almost perpetual conflict with truth which is one, and with propriety which is uniform; but as there is no consideration of so much importance, in vulgar eyes,

as the respect of others, all mankind must bow to *fashion*, by a submission to which that respect can only be purchased.

Fashion, indeed, becomes sometimes the standard of beauty and propriety in the minds of its followers, and hence, with such, whatever evils their submission to the *mode* may inflict upon them, no violence is done to their conscience or their taste. But this is not always the case: frequently obedience to fashion is painful and reluctant, and is practised, not because her dictates conform to those of reason, but because any evil, poverty, disease, and even death itself, is better, in our deluded apprehensions, than to be *out of the fashion*.

In reading an account of the British embassy to Ava, I was much struck with the following instance, in which fashion lays as heavy a load on a king as on a porter.

The ambassador was, in due time, admitted to an audience of his Birman majesty. We had been seated, says he, a little more than a quarter of an hour, when the folding-doors that concealed the seat opened with a loud noise, and discovered his majesty, ascending a flight of steps, that led up to the throne from the inner apartment. He advanced but slowly, and seemed not to possess a free use of his limbs, being obliged to support himself with his hands on the balustrade. I was informed, however, that this appearance of weakness did not proceed from any bodily infirmity, but from the weight of the regal habiliments in which he was clad; and if what we were told was true, that he carried on his dress fifteen viss, upwards of fifty pounds avoirdupois of gold, his difficulty of ascent was not surprising. On reaching the top he stood for a minute, as though to take breath, and then sat down on an embroidered cushion, with his legs inverted. His crown was a high conical cap, richly studded with precious stones; his fingers were covered with rings, and in his dress he bore the appearance

of a man, cased in golden armour, whilst a gilded, or probably a golden, wing on each shoulder, did not add much lightness to his figure.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ALGEBRAIC ABSURDITIES.

IN the first attempts of a student of geometry and algebra, one of the most discouraging circumstances he meets with is the strange language in which the principles of these sciences are wrapt up. He will naturally expect to find, and therefore will not be surprised or disheartened at finding, words entirely new to him; but he will be extremely puzzled when he meets with terms, with which he is already familiar, used in a sense, not merely new, but contradictory.

He well knows, for instance, that a number may be greater or less than another number; it may be added to, taken from, multiplied into, and divided by another number; but in other respects his reason informs him that it is very untractable: though the whole world should be destroyed, one will be one, and three will be three; and no art whatever can change their nature.

You may put a mark before one, which it will obey: it submits to be taken away from a number greater than itself, but to attempt to take it away from a number *less* than itself is ridiculous. Yet this is attempted by algebraists, who talk of a number *less* than *nothing*, of multiplying a *negative* number into a *negative* number and thus producing a *positive* number, and of a number being *imaginary*. Hence they talk of two *roots* to every *equation* of the second order, and the learner is to try which will succeed in a given equation: they talk of solving an equation, which requires two *impossible roots* to make it solvable: they can find out some *impossible numbers*, which, being multiplied together, produce *unity*. This is

all jargon, at which common sense recoils; but, from its having been once adopted, like many other figments, it finds the most strenuous supporters among those who love to take things upon trust, and hate the labour of a serious thought.

*Square* and *cube* are modes of continued quantity, and cannot be applied to numbers: the absurdity is seen in the use of the word *sur-solid*; for, if there could be such a thing as a *solid number*, there might be a *sursolid number*, and a thing might be more than solid, which is absurd.

People err much in supposing that a word is of little consequence, if it is explained. If that word has a very different meaning in other respects, the learner will confound frequently the different meanings, and pass through life without having a clear idea upon the subject. In educating children, we should take care not to use a word above their comprehension, nor, by our authority, to impress a position on their minds which is not true. If we teach them little, we should teach them that little well: but we are doing them a real injury, when we fill their heads with a jumble of words, or with false and incoherent notions.

These sciences deal so much in abstractions, that it is difficult enough at any rate to make ourselves familiar with the ideal existences about which they are conversant. It seems peculiarly absurd to heighten these inevitable difficulties by the addition of needless ones. Metaphors and fictions abound most in the two sciences where they would naturally be least expected, in mathematics and in law.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### SHAKESPEARE RE-EXAMINED.

THE remarks made, in a former number, on the similes of Shakespeare, has not met with the appro-

bation of all your readers. Some objection was made by the critic to the terms made use of by Troilus, when, speaking of his efforts to disguise his uneasiness, he says, that "his sigh was buried in *wrinkle* of a smile."

The term *wrinkle* was thought to be exceedingly inapt and unsuitable, because a wrinkle is a furrow produced by age upon the cheek or forehead, and cannot, therefore, be employed to illustrate the influence of a smile.

A correspondent, in the last number, has arraigned the critic before the tribunal of Johnson. He seems tacitly to admit, that, if a wrinkle be a furrow produced only by age, that then the objection is a just one: but he denies that this is a true definition of a wrinkle, and refers us to Johnson's Dictionary, in which a wrinkle is described to be

1. A furrow or corrugation on the skin or face;

2. Any roughness.

It may seem a little daring to deny the right of Johnson to decide in cases of this kind; yet I cannot help observing, that I think the definition is a defective one. It is true that a wrinkle is a corrugation or roughness on the skin: but this is not enough; it is a corrugation or roughness of a particular kind, and produced by a particular cause. A furrow produced by a hot iron, the scar produced by an old wound, by a healed abscess, all come within this definition; and yet surely it would be a gross breach of propriety to call a roughness or furrow, produced by burning, scarification, contusion, or disease, by the name of *wrinkle*. The term *wrinkle* is, in my mind, inseparably associated with *age*. It is so generally used in this sense, both among writers and talkers, that I think no one is justified in using it in any other.

That Shakespeare should err, on this occasion, is surely nothing to be wondered at, since errors of the same kind, and of every kind, are so plentifully strewed over his works, that it would be difficult to

find ten lines together not blemished by some of them. To point out and ponder on the beauties of Shakespeare is a pleasing and profitable task; but these beauties will be seen in their greatest splendour only by the eye which most truly distinguishes between various shades of excellence, and between excellencies and faults.

CRITO.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### DIAMONDS.

A FRIEND of mine is at a loss to conceive by what means the great fortunes which some few lucky minions of the blindfold goddess in this side of the ocean, and many more on the other side, possess, could be spent. I referred him to a lawsuit, of which the report is to be found in all the London newspapers of the day, in which certain jewellers claim from the prince of Wales the value of certain jewels furnished, in the course of three years, to his royal highness. After an impartial hearing, the jury awarded to the plaintiffs, as their due, the trifling sum of *fifty thousand nine hundred pounds sterling*.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE millennial period, or period of perfect terrestrial felicity, a christian poet always considers as future; the Greek and Roman poets always as past.

The description which Tibullus gives of *Saturnean times* is embellished with all the fairest flowers of fancy; but there is this material difference between the Romans and ourselves: these happy times were reviewed there with lamentation and regret, as past and gone, and never to return. By us they awak-



en only the sentiments of joy and hope, because we are hastening towards them, and our partaking of their blessings will wholly depend upon ourselves.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the Hebrew poets, when they describe the land of promise, should select the same images with those adopted by Tibullus, in describing his happy land. Palestine is commonly pictured as a *land flowing with milk and honey*. These images are thus amplified by Tibullus :

*Ipsæ mella dabant quercus, ultroque ferebant  
Obvia securis ubera lactis oves.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

NATIONAL LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS.

WHERE is a nation free and happy to be found? These terms are thought to be correlative. A nation is said by some to be happy only as it is free.

Most readers will probably smile when I direct them to Prussia, in the reign, almost one continued and destructive war, of the great Frederick ; and yet, were I called upon to name a country, the freest and most prosperous of all countries, I should not hesitate to name this.

The meaning of the word liberty is continually varying. At no time have any two nations used it in the same sense. In my opinion, to constitute civil liberty, there must be equal laws, and those impartially executed ; justice must be promptly, equitably, and cheaply dispensed ; and the nation at large should be entitled to express its sense of public measures, and to confine the exertions of political power within the sphere of public good.

The Prussian territory in Germany is vulgarly considered as affording the most complete example of a military despotism, especially under the reign of Frederick II,

and as a country where the misery and desolation of war were experienced in their fullest extent ; and yet, if I have stated a just definition of liberty and happiness, it may be proved, that in no corner of the world have they flourished more than in the dominions of the Prussian Fredericks for the last sixty years.

The laws of Frederick are not only good and just, but being made by a man who knew the power of words, are short, determinate, and easily understood. Of the law's obscurity, expensiveness, or delay, there is less occasion to complain than in any kingdom on earth ; and during the greater part of his reign after he had reformed his courts of justice, there scarcely occur, in the lapse of thirty years, three instances of legal oppression.

It may be alleged, that the Prussians, however well governed, enjoy not any share in the public administration, and cannot therefore feel themselves much interested in the public good. But these premises are untrue. The truth, however, is, Frederick acknowledged with pleasure the states of each province : they met regularly at stated times in national assemblies ; he consulted them on matters of general legislation ; listened patiently to their advice ; committed to them the administration of their internal government, and entrusted them with the collection of the taxes. These institutions, which he introduced and confirmed, represent not the image of a military despotism, but rather breathe the genuine spirit of *just* monarchy, which of all governments promises perhaps the greatest share of public happiness.

Though it may reasonably be regretted, that this patriot king did not crown his great work, and, enforcing manners by law, render that constitutional and unalterable, which is in some measure casual and arbitrary ; yet, with the education which that extraordinary man gave the princes of his family, a king of Prussia cannot be suspected of

wishing to govern *despotically*; and should he ever entertain that mad project, it is boldly insinuated by a Prussian minister, that considering the sentiments and principles with which Frederick inspired his subjects, such an unworthy successor could not hope to enjoy a peaceful or durable reign.

Of national prosperity, liberty seems a component part, because without liberty there cannot be security, and without security there cannot be enjoyment. To insure the faithful execution of just laws, the people at large should have a share in enacting and administering them; but as to the degree to which that influence should extend, and the mode in which it should be exerted, no two reasoners fully concur. The different forms, therefore, of just government (for despotism or tyranny is an abuse, whether it be exercised by one or ten thousand) must be relative to the national character; and opinion, which governs all things, will render that system good in one country, which would be bad in another.

Some of my readers may not be able to comprehend that species of happiness which a nation enjoys, whose point of honour is obedience, whose pleasures are purchased by toil, and whose frugal luxuries are seasoned by habitual temperance, whose amusement and delight consist in the performance of their civil and military duties, and whose dearest reward is the approbation of their superiors.

To measure the relative *happiness* of individuals, who act from different motives, and pursue different ends, is impossible; because, where no similarity prevails, no comparison can be made. But in estimating national felicity, and particularly that of Prussia, there are two considerations of irresistible weight. If happiness consist in action, that nation cannot be miserable, whose public transactions have been always prosperous. A people who, in the course of forty years, triple their population, and triple

their revenues, whose operations, domestic and foreign, have been crowned with unexampled success, who, amid the greatest and most glorious wars recorded in history, have improved their agriculture and extended their manufactures to a degree almost incredible, and who from obscurity and contempt have risen to the highest rank of national renown, must, both collectively and individually have been employed in such a series of prosperous actions as could not fail, notwithstanding the occasional calamities of war, to afford an extraordinary balance in favour of public happiness. That the Prussians enjoyed this happiness, and referred it to its true cause, the wisdom and virtue of their king, appears from events, the history of which might serve to revive the obsolete virtue of patriotism, and to teach the true duties of citizens to those who have long branded the Prussians as slaves.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON RUMFORD'S ECONOMICAL IMPROVEMENTS.

THE imperfect state of human society is not owing so much to men's total ignorance of modes and operations better than those in ordinary use, as to a kind of apathy or obstinacy, which makes them turn a deaf or listless ear to the voice of their instructors, and to the influence of habit, which, if it does not annihilate certain evils and distresses, yet lightens them to the imagination of the sufferers.

Let a man in his closet take up the works of count Rumford. He finds a great variety of improvements in those processes, on which the comfort and subsistence of all immediately depend. He finds these improvements verified by a vast number of experiments; he finds them explained in the most complete and satisfactory manner. If words be insufficient to convey just



notions of these improvements to some, their dulness is humoured and aided by plates, which exhibit the improved apparatus or process to the eye, in such a manner that no eye can fail to comprehend it. He perceives that the book is printed in a cheap and portable form, and that, in populous cities at least, where such instructions are most useful, they are always to be easily had.

He then naturally infers, that every body is acquainted with these improvements, and has reduced them to practice. He lays down his book, and walks forth to enjoy the spectacle which a reformation so entire and so beneficial, in a large city, will present to him.—What is his surprise and mortification, when he finds that every thing is exactly on its old footing!—Rooms are lighted and warmed, victuals are cooked in exactly the same wasteful, dirty, troublesome, and dangerous manner as formerly. Of the middling and higher classes of mankind, there is probably not one in ten whom he does not find familiar with the name of Rumford; but they have no conception of the real nature and utility of his improvements; nor, should you spend hours in enlightening their ignorance, will they move a step towards reducing these improvements to practice, in their own chambers, parlours, or kitchens.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### LONGEVITY.

THERE died, in February, the present year, at Gloves, near Athenry, in Ireland, of a short illness, Dennis Coorobee, of Ballendangin, aged 117 years. The life of this man was remarkable not only for its duration, but for its exemption from most of the evils of humanity. He retained his mental and corporeal faculties in full vigour to the last. Three weeks before his death,

he walked out and home twenty-six miles in one day, and read the smallest print, without glasses, as distinctly and easily as a boy of sixteen. Till two days previous to his death, he never remembered to have had any complaint or sickness whatever, toothache only excepted. The first fifty-six years of his life passed entirely free from even the toothache, having enjoyed, till then, sound teeth. After that period, his teeth began to decay; but, in the course of fifteen years, a new set appeared, of which he continued in possession till his death.

Of his moral character, it is only recorded, that he was a steadfastly honest man; sober, regular, and perfectly upright in his deportment. His mind was naturally strong and acute, not disciplined by a literary education, but enriched by observation and experience. He spent his life in the cultivation of the same farm, the property of which he had acquired early in life, and bent his attention chiefly to agriculture, in which he was generally allowed to be eminently proficient. He was one of the earliest who introduced and propagated the potatoe, which he has cultivated for the last seventy years.

We naturally feel some curiosity as to such a man's connection with the other sex, and as to the posterity he leaves behind. We are told that he was seven times married. He was first married at the age of twenty-one. With his last wife, who survived him, he lived longer than with any of the previous ones, that is, twenty-four years, having married her when ninety-three years old. In general, they were short-lived, and were young women of his immediate neighbourhood. The years of his widowhood, taken together, amounted to eleven. All the children born to him were forty-eight, which is, on an average, one in every two years, since the first year of his first marriage. He had three sets of twins, and his third wife bore him eleven children in twelve years.



His grand-children were in number two hundred and thirty-six, which is a little more than five to each child. His great-grand-children amounted to nine hundred and forty-four, which is more, proportionally, than six to each grand-child. He had twenty-five great-great-grand-children, the oldest of whom is now four years old. Of twelve hundred and fifty-three descendants of his body, four hundred and eighty-seven survived him.

By his last wife he had six sons, the youngest of whom is a fine lad of eighteen.

These facts are extracted from a register, kept by the old man, of the names, births, marriages, deaths, and general situation of his wives and descendants. The keeping of this register was his principal amusement, and his descendants being scattered far and wide over the earth, he took great pains to make the catalogue exact and complete.

It is to be hoped that some curious person may rescue this document from oblivion, by committing it to the press. It must certainly lead to some very valuable inferences, as to the constitution of human bodies, and of human society.

It is difficult for one who has only seen thirty years to realize the feelings and experience of one who has seen four times thirty. Still harder must it be to one who has had his customary proportion of infirmity and pain, to conceive the intellectual situation of him who has been utterly a stranger to pain and infirmity for one hundred years together. Every thing must conspire to remind the former of the brevity of life and the frailty of mortality; but it would not be surprising if the latter should gradually admit the notion that he was wholly unobnoxious to pain or to death.

He that enters a battle, for the first time, is greatly alarmed for his safety. If he goes through the day without injury, his terrors begin to subside. If the same good fortune attend him through a great number of successive battles, a kind of un-

thinking and habitual security and confidence grows upon him. Every new escape is a precedent on which he builds a blind belief of his escaping for the future. His understanding will perhaps readily acknowledge, when the question is put to him, that his chances for subsequent escapes are diminished by every new escape; but there is a wide difference between the habitual conviction and the argumentative assent; and men will always be found to grow confident and wanton, in proportion to the success of their past enterprizes. Thus, the man who has lived a hundred years, without disease or decay, must feel, in spite of reflection or of argument, as if he were exempted, by a peculiar decree, from death or disease, at least another hundred years. It would be impossible for him to make the case of an ordinary mortal his own, or to feel that terror or that sympathy, which grows out of the belief of ourselves being liable to the ills we witness in others.

As knowledge is the child of observation and experience, what inestimable opportunities for amassing knowledge would such a long succession of years afford, to a mind enlightened and disciplined! Common men, however industrious or inquisitive, have their hours of improvement continually encroached on by infirmity or disease; but such a man as Mr. Coorobee not only lives a century, but every hour of his life is rendered active and serviceable by health.

How many generations must pass before the eyes of such a one! Suppose him to have been born and to have lived in the vicinity of London. He would have seen that vast metropolis almost entirely change its inhabitants four times. Being born in 1688, the year of the revolution, he would be fourteen at the accession of queen Anne; an age when men are capable of noting appearances around them. Four sovereigns have since occupied the throne, of whom the first reigned twelve, the second thirteen, the

third thirty-three, and the fourth (*grand-son* to the third) the old man lived to see accomplish the forty-fourth year of his reign, and the sixty-fifth of his age. Had Dennis Coorobee been a protestant son of James the second, he would have occupied the throne instead of William of Nassau, and been, at the opening of the present year, in full possession of all his faculties, and in quiet and glorious possession of the crown, which he would have worn *one hundred and three years*.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

STATE OF BOOK-MAKING IN  
GERMANY.

THE number of books published in any country, in a given time, is a very inadequate picture of the state of its authors or its literature. All that can be gathered from such statements relates to the extent to which the trade of writing and printing is carried. We may add, indeed, that it throws some light upon the number of readers, since books would not be published but with a view to sell them, and they are read by a great many more than buy them.

Such computations have, I believe, never been made in relation to any country but Germany; but Germany is so extensive a country, and so diversified in religion, government, and manners, that any computation of this kind, applicable to the whole empire, can afford very inadequate information as to its real condition. All the presses throughout Germany may, together, annually produce five hundred poems, but Saxony alone may produce four hundred out of the five. Now Saxony is only one tenth of the whole: so that if that number be equally distributed throughout the empire, it will communicate only erroneous ideas of the whole. But, notwithstanding these objections, such statements will certainly con-

siderably amuse, and somewhat instruct us.

The prince of Torgoff, in Lusatia, who died the last year, was distinguished by a passionate fondness for books. He formed, in the course of a long life, a vast collection of them, and his attention was exercised, not so much in studying their contents, in making them subservient and instrumental to his progress in a particular science, as in ascertaining their history; the names of their authors and publishers; the date and place of their publication; and the department, in a grand analytical system of human knowledge, to which they properly belonged.

In this collection were deposited all the works printed in any part of Germany, during ten years, between 1790 and 1800, which the industry of his numerous agents was able to procure. Their number was as follows:

General literature	-	125
Philology	-	3,006
Divinity	-	9,743
Jurisprudence	-	4,010
Medicine and surgery	-	3,440
Metaphysics and moral philosophy	-	1,878
Education	-	997
Politics and finance	-	3,400
Military sciences	-	289
Physics and natural history	-	3,316
Arts and manufactures	-	1,999
Mathematics	-	977
Geography and history	-	8,235
History of literature	-	1,453
Belles lettres	-	7,580
Miscellaneous	-	1,190
		<hr/> 51,638

Thus it appears that only ten years produced, in a single language, upwards of fifty thousand books. How these publications were portioned out among the different provinces of Germany, we are not informed. There is good reason, however, for believing, that by far the greater part was published and distributed in four cir-



cles, the Upper and Lower Saxony, and the Upper and Lower Rhine. As to Suabia, Bavaria, Franconia, and the Austrian territories, the number produced by them must be comparatively small.

By this statement it appears, that divinity has produced the greatest number of works: very near ten thousand; so that to *write* upon theological topics must be more fashionable than to write on any other. Indeed, when we consider the number of the clergy, with their studious course of life, and that to write is part of their profession, we shall not be surprised at the superiority of their numbers in the list of authors. Germany must contain, exclusive of the monastic orders, not less than twenty thousand clergymen.

The law is likewise a profession in which books or the pen are the proper instruments or tools. That upwards of four thousand law-books should be produced in ten years, by a profession consisting of not less than twice that number of practitioners, is not very surprising. But what sort of thing is German divinity and German law, which affords an opportunity for so many publications? Desperate must be the lot of these professions, if their members be required to read even the title-pages of all the books annually published in their respective sciences.

Next to theology, geography and history seem to have the greatest number of pens in their service. Belles lettres occupies the third place in the scale. Of these there are more than *seven thousand* works. Under this appellation, I suppose, is included poetry, novels, and plays. Those who relish that luxurious sort of diet must, therefore, be amply provided for. Alas! how small a part of this poetic and dramatic library will wander beyond the precincts of Germany, or survive the extinction of the present generation. Medicine and surgery seem to be nearly on a par with politics and finance; so that it should appear that the body politic is as

carefully attended to, and has as great a number of physicians, as the body natural. These are only a few scores a-head of physics and natural history; which, in their turn, have the advantage, by some hundreds, of philology.

Literary history, which, doubtless, comprehends reviews and catalogues, alphabetic and analytic, extends to no less than fourteen hundred publications. When the history of books would form a considerable library, how voluminous must be the library which is formed by the books themselves! But in what a desperate state must be the rising generation, when it stands in need of near a thousand systems of education!

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MADRAS AND PHILADELPHIA  
COMPARED, AS TO CLIMATE.

THE exaggerations and mistakes of travellers have been a theme of common declamation these some hundred years; but when the frequency of these mistakes is considered, we shall readily excuse the repetition. I do not mean, at present, to renew the topic, or to point out the ill consequences that sometimes spring from these misrepresentations, but merely to add another and a lively example of this spirit, into which travellers are misled by their own partial views or individual feelings.

I lately had an opportunity of conversing with a person who had spent a year at Madras. From him I received the following account of the climate, in which, however incredible it may appear, I saw nothing but what I had often seen before, in the books of English travellers in India.

According to this person's account, the climate is tolerable during spring, but in the month of May the weather becomes so intensely hot and disagreeable, that one cannot,



with the smallest degree of pleasure, sit down to any occupation, being under the necessity, even at table, of having a handkerchief placed on each side to wipe away the excessive perspiration. The land-winds are frequently so violent as to unroof houses and raise small cattle into the air. Indeed I have myself found it difficult to keep my legs when caught in one of those whirlwinds. When they are seen approaching, all doors and windows are instantly barricadoed, to prevent suffocation from sand and dust, and having every thing in the house rendered useless. I have been of a party when one of those tornadoes forced us to enclose ourselves in this manner, and to sit down by candle-light to dinner, which rendered the heat intolerably suffocating. Notwithstanding the manner in which the doors and windows were thus blocked up, the sand and dust was forced by the wind through many imperceptible crevices, and fell so thick upon our plates as to be taken up upon a point of a knife like pounded pepper.

The land-winds are lulled towards evening; and before it is midnight become quite cold. This transition is very unwholesome; and if a person sleeps where there is a strong draught of air, which a stranger is naturally led to do from the heat, he will, in all probability, lose the use of his limbs before morning upon the side exposed to the wind.

Some people in this season change their linen three or four times a-day, which is labour in vain; as that newly put on becomes as moist in one minute as the former; and the heat relaxing a person so much that he becomes quite feeble and exhausted before the operation of shifting is completed. Some are, however, agreeably refreshed in the morning by having several pots of cool water thrown over them as they rise from their beds; but this is only a temporary relief. Those who wear wigs most certainly enjoy this luxury in greater perfection

than with the natural hair. A stranger must be very cautious how he bathes in the open air; for, before he can re-dress himself, he is liable to have the skin of his back entirely stripped off by the sun: in which case it must be immediately anointed with oil or spirits.

The heat of the sun is not the only oppression felt at this season of the year, there being a wind which regularly blows strong from the land for four months without ceasing, that in the day-time conveys a burning heat, and during the night occasions quite a contrary sensation. I may compare the feeling, arising from a gust of those scorching winds, to that of thrusting one's face into the door of a heated oven; and it instantly cracks the skin in the most painful manner. These gales are seen some time before they arrive, driving furiously from the west in great whirlwinds and tornadoes, raising, to the very heavens, sand, and every thing else which they encounter, in awful clouds and pillars of dust.

After listening to this account, one very naturally concludes that the country is either quite uninhabitable, or that the people are obliged to use such precautions against heat, for the greatest part of the year, as to make their lives, for that period at least, both useless and burdensome.

Proceeding, however, to put new questions to my friend, I was informed, of what indeed is generally known, that the city, whose atmosphere is thus described, is crowded with some hundred thousands of people, who are, with the exception of one in a hundred, busy and dexterous artizans and shopkeepers, who pass active and long lives in constant exercise; who have neither money nor leisure to provide themselves a shelter from these showers of sand, these clouds of insects, or this intolerable sun. That the neighbouring country is highly peopled and cultivated by peasants, who have no defence against these evils but huts of reeds and cotton

drawers ; who pursue their occupations with bare feet, bare head, and bare back, in the open air, without unusual efforts, or any consciousness of extraordinary hardship.

This intelligence led me to suspect, what indeed is true, that my friend, like all others who describe India, was a stranger, from the temperate climates of Europe ; enervated by habits, diet, and dress, foreign to the manners of tropical nations ; that his feelings as an individual could not justly afford testimony to the general feelings of the people, and that as a stranger it was impossible to estimate correctly the relations between the climate and the health or ease of its native or long resident inhabitants.

A native of Philadelphia is particularly well qualified to detect the errors to be found in the accounts of travellers from the north of Europe in the southern countries. Thus, my friend informed me, that the thermometer at Madras was almost stationary, throughout the year, between 80 and 85 degrees ; but this is not thought a degree of heat so formidable by us, and the merchant, the artizan, and the ploughman are not deterred by it from vigorously pursuing their several occupations.

Listen to the account given us, by Denon and Wilson, of the heat, the vermin, and the dust of Cairo. How will the Philadelphian reader shudder at the thought of encountering this host of evils ! But these terrors will probably subside, when he listens to Volney's description of his native city. What a revolution in his feelings, when Volney informs him, that the climate of Cairo is far more equable, lenient, and agreeable, than that of Philadelphia, and such as he would greatly prefer for his own residence !

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE BALLOON AND TELEGRAPH.

WHEN great changes or discoveries are effected, men find it diffi-

cult to put themselves into that state, and recal to their imagination that view of things which existed previous to such changes or discoveries. The actual steps in that revolution being slow, successive, and many, the mind proceeds to the distant goal without difficulty or surprise. We arrive at a certain point without any extraordinary emotion, and all around us appears familiar and plain. And yet, previously to our setting out upon our journey, had some power lifted us suddenly to a great height, and afforded us a clear view of the point we were destined to reach, concealing from us, at the same time, all the intermediate steps, we should feel raptures of delight and wonder, and nothing but prophetic assurances could bring the attainment of such a point within the verge of possibility.

Suppose some ingenious enquirer, in the seventeenth century, had meditated the possibility of a man's rising from the surface of the earth to the height of two or three thousand feet, and passing, at this height, with confidence and safety, over land or water, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Would it be possible to suggest to his mind any project more chimerical than this ; any achievement more beyond the known powers of the human species ? Can we, at the present time, imagine any future extension of human powers more fantastic and incredible than such a project would appear to the minds of the inquisitive of a former age ?

This supposed enquirer would naturally form some notion of the means by which these aerial voyages were to be made. Birds, buoyed up by feathers, would of course occur to him as furnishing the hint or pattern for such a magnificent improvement. Mercury, with wings at his heels ; Dædalus, with pinions at his shoulders ; a griffin, with plumes at his sides, would rush pell mell into his fancy, and all his crude ideas of the future voyager would have, for an inseparable in-



gredient, an apparatus of wings, and the motion, with whatever circumstances blended, would suggest to him unalterably the image of a man flying.

If his friend were to dwell upon the constitution of the human body, and while he admitted the possibility of forming wings sufficiently large, flexible, and manageable to lift that body from the earth, should point out the impossibility of raising a man by the hips or shoulders for any time, and to any considerable height, without pain and dislocation, the other might confess the truth of the representation; but he would add, And yet, if man be ever enabled to move about in the air, it can only be by some such means.

Should his communicative angel go somewhat further, and inform him that man should be enabled, not only to rise in the air, but that this should be effected without any appendage whatever to his person; without any stress upon his limbs; that he should ascend standing at ease upon a car or stage large enough to contain instruments and provisions for a voyage of several days, his belief would receive a still more violent shock. To perform the feat at all would be sufficiently surprising; now much more so to perform it in such a manner!

Should his supernatural instructor direct his attention to a light vessel floating in the tide, and tell him that the boat in which his posterity should sail through the air would be similar, in structure and materials, to that; and that it should rest and move about, in the same manner, on the aerial wave, occupied by several persons, he would be still at a loss to conceive by what means beams and boards of cedar or pine would be endued with a faculty of rising from the surface.

An actual exhibition of the ascent of a balloon would only thicken the mystery, and plunge him deeper into wonder. To imagine his obliging devil (a kinsman, we will suppose, of Le Sage's) has carried him to the summit of some tower, from whence

he can overlook all that is going forward in a field where Blanchard or Lunardi are preparing for an ascent. He sees the boat previously described connected by cords with a piece of silk or canvas above it. He sees, upon the ground, vessels of earth or iron, and, perhaps, discovers some connection between these vessels and the aforesaid canvas. Presently the canvas proves to be a large empty bag, which gradually expands into the shape of a globe, the contents of which are invisible to him and incomprehensible, for the persons busy about it are not perceived to do any thing by which this change in its shape can be by him accounted for. In due time this unsubstantial globe rising from the earth, carries up the boat or car beneath, manned by half a dozen persons. What wild astonishment would all this excite in the Bacons or Newtons of a former age! how much like a fantastic dream would it appear!

Suppose the astonished sage to be conducted from the summit of the tower to the bottom, and to find several persons there anxiously waiting for intelligence from the sea-coast, of which the nearest part is one hundred miles distant. A person present, at length, ascends to the top of the tower, and, instantly returning, brings back word that an enemy has landed on the coast *ten minutes* before; that this intelligence was received from a town situated on the coast, and, though conveyed to him, is entirely unknown to every one in the intermediate country. We may safely aver, that all the ingenuity of Newton or Bacon could not discover how this was effected. The fleet of the invaders could not be seen with the eye, aided or unaided, of one stationed upon the top of the tower. No trumpet or cannon assailed the ear, so that it could not be conveyed through that medium. It was day time, and no fires were kindled on the tops of neighbouring mountains. On the contrary, he is told that the information was written down in words



upon the coast itself; that he had just *read* the eighth or tenth copy or transcript of the words; and that no further time was required to convey the intelligence than was required to write down, ten times, the words, "The enemy is arrived, and is now landing." These words being written in a language totally unknown to all the transcribers, they are therefore the instruments of conveying information to others which they cannot comprehend themselves.

In this light would probably be received the two great discoveries or inventions of the present age, the balloon and telegraph, by those who lived before they were thought of. And yet we are wholly unaffected by these circumstances, because we have witnessed the gradual progress of the revolution. The wonders of the balloon and telegraph are as ordinary and familiar to our apprehension as those of the lighting of a farthing candle. To change the substance of fat and yarn into that marvellous substance light, is a process which every stupid clown finds abundantly easy, and yet it is a transformation of all others the most surprising and unexpected to a mind not previously conversant with it.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE BARBARY POWERS.

*From a letter written at Tunis.*

I NEED not inform you that no modern nation has yet found the secret of making either war or peace with these freebooters, to any advantage proportioned to the difference of science and discipline. It is amazing, even to themselves, to see the nations of Europe, with all their superiorities, become so submissive and tributary to them. We seem to keep each other in

countenance, and share the disgrace amongst us.

If Russia ever succeeds in her enterprises, and can get once fairly into the Mediterranean, she may show us how to treat these piratical states; for she has the only troops sufficiently acquainted with such enemies, and she will probably be wise enough to keep up that knowledge by frequent wars. Any other power, who may have occasion to attack them, would perhaps do well to borrow a Russian general, and some other of their officers.

To be conquered by a civilized and generous nation would be a happy event for these poor Africans. They have hitherto so long been saved from it: we can hardly tell how, or why, when we consider the enterprising spirit of modern Europe. It has probably been owing to our exhausting wars with each other, and to those apparently greater objects of the western and eastern worlds, in the search of gold. But it may justly be doubted, if those objects be greater. These northern parts of Africa are capable of all sorts of useful productions, of more value than gold, and nearer home.

These regions have often been directly invaded, but always unsuccessfully, for reasons very obvious. They can only be subdued from the east or west. The conqueror must previously acquire Egypt or European Turkey, and then the downfall of Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers may be easily and safely effected.

Had the French succeeded in their late attack upon Egypt, Barbary would quickly have become a province of their empire. France, indeed, from the progress of its population and ambition, and from being shut out, by its naval rivals, from diffusing its superfluous numbers, and indulging its colonizing spirit, in Asia and America, will naturally turn her attention to these parts of Africa. England will hardly be able always to suppress these vigorous efforts, or perhaps a merely emulous or precautionary spirit may

establish the English here, as it carried them, for a little while, to Egypt and Ceylon, and may still carry them to Brazil and Peru.

There is no apparent revolution arising in the horizon of future probability, of more importance to this part of the world, and to the improvement of mankind, in that of their commerce, population, arts, and industry. The practicability and utility of such measures may be perceived from the history of Carthage, of Rome, and of Portugal. These countries have always received colonies, and have been improved by them. It is of consequence that they should come from the most improved nations. Mahomedan conquest from Asia having spread itself along this fine African coast, and its being left there so long to degenerate, and then to infest and plague the rest of the world, is a great shame to polished Europe. But she must probably, in time, recover and assert her natural superiority here too, as the Mahomedan power of itself declines.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

VERBAL WONDERS IN LATIN.

SINCE the days of the Spectator, it has been fashionable, among critics, to laugh at those wits who display their ingenuity, not in weaving a tissue or thread of striking and brilliant thoughts, but of effecting strange and difficult combinations, contrasts, or coincidences among mere sounds. These wonders were regarded in ancient times in a very serious light, and the practice of this solemn trifling occupied the secluded hours of the studious and learned, to a degree which at present appears incredible.

I have just been amusing myself with a collection of these flowers, gleaned from an immense number, which, at different times, have sprung from monastic leisure and

industry. Enigmas and acrostics abound in our own language, and overflow the pages of magazines and diaries; but what are now manufactured only by boys and girls, were deemed the choicest products of learning and diligence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. I have been astonished at the number of *enigmas*, in particular, which are to be found in antiquated folios. A riddle in the Latin language, however uncommon in the present times, was formerly a favourite and almost universal form of composition, when no language but Latin was thought worthy to be written. The following, on Sleep, is a tolerable specimen of these enigmas:

Sponte mea veniens varias ostendo figuras;

Fingo metus vanos nullo discrimine veri;  
Sed me nemo videt, nisi qui sua lumina claudit.

What at present is known by the name of charade, and which some may probably think a modern invention, has been familiar to monastic wits these five hundred years. There are few words in the Latin language which have not been carefully dissected, and a riddle extracted, not only from the whole, but from each of its component parts, when these parts, separately taken, had a meaning. The fruit of this ingenious operation is dignified with the sonorous name of *griphus*, or *logogriphus*. Among numberless examples of the *griphus*, take the following, built upon the word *muscatum*, a nutmeg; which may be dismembered into *mus*, *musca*, *mustum*.

Si caput est, *currit*; ventrem conjunge,  
*volabit*;

Adde pedem, *comedes*; et sine ventre,  
*bibes*.

But the most fertile of all these contrivances is the *anagram*. This consists in taking the letters of a given word, and forming new words out of them, by dropping some of

them, or by changing their order. The way in which this kind of ingenuity, or rather labour, is designed to affect us, is by contrast or similitude. Thus that literary pioneer, John Alstedius (or Alsted), has given us a happy specimen of the characteristic anagram, in modelling the letters of his name into the word *Sedulitas*. This brilliant discovery gave birth to the following lines, which the *Clarissimus Alstedius* chose for his motto.

Ut possis, mea mens, doctis que deoque  
placere,  
Sit pia sedulitas; sedula sit pietas.

Thus, also, another patient genius took the letters of the words, *Rudolphus secundus de Austria imperator*, and combining these *dissecta membra* anew, produced the following :

Ardoris vacuus, tu de splendore triumphas.

There is another species of the anagram, which consists in taking, from a given word, those of its letters which denote numbers, and

I	n	t	e	r	c	u	n	c	t	a	m	i	c	a	n	s	I	g	n	i	t	i	s	i	d	e	r	a	c	œ	l	I		
E	x	p	e	l	i	t	t	e	n	e	b	r	a	s	E	t	o	t	o	p	h	œ	b	u	s	u	t	o	r	b	E			
S	i	c	c	œ	c	o	s	r	e	m	o	v	e	t	J	E	S	U	S	c	a	l	i	g	i	n	i	s	u	m	b	r	a	S
V	i	v	i	c	a	n	s	q	u	e	s	i	m	u	l	V	e	r	o	p	r	œ	c	o	r	d	i	a	m	o	t	U		
S	o	l	e	m	j	u	s	t	i	t	i	œ	S	e	s	e	p	r	o	b	a	t	e	s	s	e	b	e	a	t	i	S		

The echo is a mode of filling up a sentence significantly, by repeating the last syllable or syllables of a question or sentence. Butler, in his *Hudibras*, gives us an amusing example of this conceit. The following is a specimen in Latin, in which, particularly the first and last lines, there is a good deal of shrewdness :

Dic an dives ero, si carmina scripsero?  
Sero.  
Ipse ait hoc? Ait hoc. Cur ita clamat?  
Amat.  
Vere novo sponsum me fore reris? eris.  
Quæ res difficiles sunt in amore? Moræ.

The greatest subtlety, however, is displayed by those who work at

in putting these numbers together, some marvellous coincidence is discovered. This species has been learnedly denominated *eteostichon* or *chronostichon*.

So much regard did the *chronostichon* formerly attain, that the restoration of Charles II, 1660, was commemorated by a medal with this inscription :

CeDant arMa oLeæ paX regna serenat  
et agros.

One of the grandest and most venerable efforts of this kind of ingenuity displays itself in the acrostic. Examples of this occur in the arguments of Plautus' comedies, and in many other classical productions. In more recent times volumes might be filled with the acrostics that have built upon the names *Jesus* and *Christ* only. The latter, if we believe St. Austin and Eusebius, is found, in this shape, in certain sybilline verses, whose authenticity it would be heresy to question. The following is a famous acrostic on the name of *Jesus*, and its complexity and ingenuity certainly lay claim to some praise :

the *palindromus*, which is the appellation given to a verse, the words, syllables, or letters of which may be read backward without a total destruction of sense or of harmony.

Thus some minute critic has discovered that the words in the following line of Virgil,

Musa mihi causas memora, quo numine læso,

may be read backward without any variation of numbers or sense, thus :

Læso numine quo memora, causas mihi musa.

Philelphus presented the follow-



ing compliment to pope Pius II, which, though apparently a benediction, will, if read backward, produce directly the reverse :

Conditio tua sit stabilis, nec tempore  
parvo  
Vivere te faciat hîc, Deus omnipotens.

If we reverse the order of the words, the same numbers are preserved, but the meaning is reversed :

Omnipotens deus hîc faciat te vivere  
parvo  
Tempore, nec stabilis sit tua conditio.

This art of transposition is carried to its highest point of difficulty when a verse is produced, the whole of which may be read backward, *letter by letter*, without the least alteration either of the numbers, the sense, nor even of the *words* themselves.

One of the Scaligers plumed himself exceedingly in producing the following line, which is of this kind :

Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute te-  
nebis.

But this effort of genius is far exceeded by the following, which, on account of its mysterious structure and significance, has been gravely ascribed to the devil :

Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis  
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

By these various methods, it is probable, that the Latin language has been more thoroughly *wrought*, has been more completely turned, twisted, dissected, and compounded, than any language whatever. Every religion has borrowed from it its language. Every science is indebted to it for its terms. It has been made the medium of every system of laws. It has been modulated by every conceivable system of numbers. Every thing Hebrew or Greek has been made, anciently or *modernly*, to assume a Latin dress. Even the authors of late times, whose writings are originally Ger-

man, Italian, English, or Spanish, have been transferred into the Latin tongue. It is the longest lived, and most extensively diffused of any human language, since it was spoken and written with equal facility and excellence on the banks of Arno and Tyber, in the age of Cæsar and Leo, ages separated by an interval of fifteen hundred years, and since it is studied, even at present, and is familiarly known to the studious, in India, Europe, and America ; on the Ganges, the Danube, the Maragnon, and the Mississippi.

The Latin language is supposed to teem with every thing reasonably delightful and instructive ; and so it does : but a tolerable acquaintance with *modern* Latin will inform us, that it likewise contains the most voluminous monuments of human error and folly ; that the whole mass or body of it has passed through the punster's mill ; has been pounded into its minutest fibres in the *griffical* mortar ; and has been sifted clean away in the *anagrammatical* sieve.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MAINTENON AND SEVIGNÊ.

*To the Editor, &c.*

SIR,

AUTHENTIC letters, I have often heard, are the most precious materials both of history and biography ; and I am much inclined to assent to the opinion of one of my female friends, who maintains, that the truest evidence of an enlightened and cultivated mind is an intimate acquaintance with the epistolary remains of eminent persons. The other day I inquired of her what productions of that kind were most worthy of my attention. Whether she regulated her answer by the consideration of my sex I cannot tell, but, without hesitation, she recommended to me the letters of

madame Maintenon and madame de Sevigne.

I objected that these ladies were of a rank in life, and lived in a state of manners and society, very remote from my own. It would not be easy, I told her, to collect from the language or sentiments of women like these, any hints for the direction of my own conduct, or the information of my own judgment.

She was of a contrary opinion. She treated the distinctions of rank and of nation as nothing, and insisted on the transcendent merit of these ladies, in their character of letter writers, with no small eloquence.

Of madame Maintenon's letters she said, that they painted, in inimitable colours, and from the life, the writer's portrait. According to her, good sense, wisdom, and gravity, prevail throughout them. There are few pleasantries, but those few are excellent, and in their proper places. Sometimes, reflections naturally occur at the end of facts, which might be repeated as maxims. Few have ever so perfectly known the duties of different stations as madame de Maintenon. Bishops, ambassadors, generals, ministers, princes, and even nuns, are characterized, as if by accident, in her letters. When she addresses her directors, her expressions abound in candour and simplicity; and we are always surprised that not a word ever escapes, which discovers, or even raises, a suspicion of what she was. She paints originals which may be varied accidentally from what we see around us, by titles and badges, but at bottom they are specimens of human nature, such as it continually presents itself to view.

Of madame Sevigne she was still more eloquent in the praise. She maintained that no defect had ever been urged against this charming writer, but the perpetual repetition of tenderness for her daughter, amounting almost to *adoration*; which, however, she so varies and embellishes by the grace, elegance, and variety of her terms of endear-

ment, that there must be something very misanthropic in the reader who is offended with them. It is certain, however, that she never had the least suspicion that her letters would be printed; and she was, doubtless, at liberty to write to her daughter in whatever manner she pleased. The style of these letters, though careless, is free from redundancy; it is sweet and flowing, without insipidity. There are many beautiful thoughts which arise out of the subject, unsought; fragments of natural eloquence, which the greatest writers would not disavow; pleasantries of society, at which those can laugh who were not present; elegant narrations, with descriptions so exact, that we seem looking at the things described; puns, and a play of words, which bite without hurting; a fine irony, but no malice; and, throughout, we discover goodness of heart, tenderness and frankness, with a fund of good sense, wisdom, and religion.

One of the great benefits, continued my friend, which may be drawn from these delineations of private life, is the change of inclination, taste, ways of thinking and judging of individuals, observable in the course of twenty-five years, during which this correspondence lasted; the revolutions in the friendships, connections, and fortunes of those with whom we live; the unforeseen accidents and events: all constitute a true moving picture, which furnishes subjects for reflection on the prudence and precaution necessary in the choice, during early youth, not only of our friends, but of our common acquaintance.

I am pretty well acquainted with the French language, and am half resolved to undertake the perusal, or, as my friend advises, the *study* of these works; but, in spite of my deference to her judgment, I feel some little hesitation, which it will be in your power to remove, by joining in the same counsel.

I have lately read the letters of Cowper so often and so attentively, that I have them nearly by heart.

Could I find a woman who possessed the soul, the genius, and could write such letters as Cowper's, I should conceive a higher veneration for my sex than ever. Methinks Cowper ought to have been a woman; I see in him so many feminine qualities. His singularities, his timidity, reserve, nervous sensibility; these qualities, which do not exalt him as a man, would shine out as excellencies in a woman.

Can you tell me whether Maintenon and Sevigne had any degree of Cowper's spirit in their lives, or any of his genius in their letters? If they had, then will I read them most devoutly.

CLARA.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SINGULARITIES.

THE English prints supply us with the following instances of character, somewhat worthy of being noted for their singularity:

Died, a short time since, the notorious *Scots Moggy*, alias *Mary Grey*, alias *Wheeler*, alias *Barnsley*. This character was universally admitted by the police officers to be the most expert pick-pocket in England. There was scarcely a fair or race between Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Land's End where she had not exercised her professional abilities. She originally came from Scotland, and married one of the notorious Wheelers, with whom she lived some years. On the arrival of another celebrated pick-pocket from Botany Bay, of the name of Barnsley, she took a great fancy to him, and left her husband. With this man she practised picking of pockets for several years, both in town and country. Although in person rather delicate, it was no unusual thing to see her on lord mayor's day, and other public occasions, in the greatest crowds, in conspiracy with the notorious gang of

hustlers, who have for so many years infested the metropolis. She was generally dressed in a very genteel style. About seven years ago she was at Bath, committing her depredations, and at one of the churches received the sacrament; at the same time, the mayoress of Bath happening to be one of the communicants, Moggy observing her to have a very valuable gold watch, contrived to rob her of it before the conclusion of the solemn ordinance. She had several children, whom she kept at a boarding-school. Notwithstanding she had been several times tried on capital charges, she was always fortunate enough to escape punishment.

Died, at Lytham, in Lancashire, a man well known by the name of old Henry. Upwards of twenty years have elapsed since his first appearance at that place, and, during an uninterrupted residence till his death, no account of his parentage, place of nativity, or occupation, could never be enticed or extorted from him. He was never known to crave charity, otherwise than by the silent mode of exposing himself to the view of such of the inhabitants as were accustomed to relieve his wants. His reason seemed to have received a shock, from some cause or other, as, at intervals, he evinced a sound state of mind, both by his conversation, and his accurate display of writing and arithmetic; and, at other times, showed evident marks of a disordered imagination. He said he was born in the year 1730, and would often gratify himself with talking about going to Beverley market. His dialect evidently seemed to have been collected from that part of Yorkshire. He called himself Henry Stephenson, and said he was a married man; but his communication always ceased, and his reflection seemed to recoil, at every question relating to the connections of his youthful days, the endearing ties of conjugal affection, or the pleasing and domestic scenes which must have attended him in early life.



*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON DIDACTIC POETRY AND THE  
GEORGICS.

IN consequence of the decision of Aristotle, many a servile critic has denied the rank and praise of poetry to didactic compositions. Many will argue, that Aristotle was as much in the right as Plutarch, and that Castelvetro was wrong. The stagirite pretended not to lay down rules *a priori*, but, from the best examples before him, formed a code of laws to guide the taste of his own and future ages. His judgment on the ode was formed from the sublime numbers of Pindar, and his notions of the epic from the nervous harmony of Homer; but, in the times of Aristotle, there was no didactic poet who vied with these great founders of lyric and heroic composition. Hesiod was a mere chronologist, and Theocritus, with much suavity of style, was too defective in spirit and energy for one inspired by the muses. The poem of Empedocles, "On the Nature of Things, and the Four Elements," is totally lost, but appears to be the only one that could plead in favour of didactic subjects, when Aristotle wrote. The candid and polite Lucretius has applauded Empedocles for this philosophic effusion, and his praise will endure as long as literature lives in any country; and the Grecian critic himself has condescended to denominate him "Homeric, energetic, metaphoric." But, nevertheless, he appears not to have possessed qualifications that entitled him to the name of poet in the judgment of Aristotle; and, after this attempt of Empedocles, he deemed it impossible for didactic subjects of any kind to be proper themes for the muse, and therefore excluded all such disquisitions from the list of poems.

But what Greece could not effect Rome amply accomplished. The sweet, sublime, and pathetic numbers of Lucretius and Virgil, both labourers in the didactic field, prove that Aristotle was in an error, and

leave no room to doubt, that, if he had written after these immortal bards, he would have as readily admitted the notion of didactic as of lyric or heroic poetry. The laws of Aristotle, therefore, being drawn from the patterns before him, and which extended no further than these patterns would justify, were perfect when written, but have been defective for many ages since. We are to revere him for having done all that was possible at the time in which he wrote: but critics of succeeding ages cannot profit by this plea, who, with the force of demonstration before them, still continue blind to its radiance, and slavishly fettered by the obsolete opinions of their master.

Every poet is a Midas; and though, unluckily, he cannot convert every thing he touches into gold, he can change it into poetry. A dry catalogue of ships was a pregnant theme in the hands of Homer; the symptoms of the plague in those of Lucretius; and a list of husbandmen's tools beneath the plastic power of Virgil. Nor is this magic metamorphosis unknown to modern times: Fracastorius has shown it in his poem on syphilis; Dyer in his description of wool-combing and weaving; and Armstrong in the symptoms of the sweating sickness; while Polignac has put into very good verse the tenets of Descartes on natural philosophy, and those of St. Augustin on free-will; and, as minor effusions, we might mention a poem in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, on the circulation of the blood, and another on Dr. Hale's vegetable statics, which, indeed, are the best in the collection.

The Georgics, if they be not "the first poem of the first Roman poet," are at least the master-piece of Virgil himself. They possess his highest finish and his boldest originalities: he wrote them in the most perfect leisure and convenient privacy, and in the full strength and vigour of his age, when his judgment was at its height, and his imagination had not declined. They

occupied his sole attention for nearly five years, and were shown, as he proceeded, and probably subjected to the strictures of Horace and Mæcenas. He was the first Roman poet who had written on the subject of rural life. Indeed the poem may be deemed an original production; for though Nicander, a physician of Ionia, had long before compiled one upon the same subject, with the same title, this production was never in any high degree of repute, and Quintilian, in his catalogue of Grecian poets, scarcely condescends to mention the writer. The Georgics of Nicander have, however, been lost for ages; but we may be sure that, if they had any beauties worth transcribing, they are still to be found in the Latin bard, who never scrupled to copy from his predecessors every line which he thought would enrich his own workmanship.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SEA CURRENTS EXPLAINED.

THERE have been many theories adopted, for explaining the currents which are found in the ocean, moving not only without the impulse of wind, but sometimes in opposition to it. The following is the most recent of these theories, and probably the truest of them:

As the condensation of salt water with cold continues long after it has been cooled to the temperature at which fresh water freezes, those particles at the surface which are cooled by immediate contact with cold winds descend, and take their places at the bottom of the sea, where they remain, till, by regaining heat, their specific gravity is again diminished. But this heat they never can regain in the polar regions because there is no principle of heat in the interior of the globe, which, by exhaling through the bottom of the ocean could communicate heat to the water which rests upon it.

The temperature of the earth at great depths under the surface is different in different latitudes, and this is also true with respect to the temperature at the bottom of the sea, so far as it is not influenced by the currents which flow over it; and this proves that the heat which exists, without any sensible change during summer and winter, at great depths, is owing to the action of the sun, and not to central fires, as some conclude.

The water of the ocean, which, on being deprived of a great part of its heat by cold winds, descends to the bottom of the sea, cannot be warmed where it descends, as its specific gravity is greater than that of water at the same depth in warmer latitudes, hence it will begin to spread on the bottom of the sea, and to flow towards the equator, and this must produce a current at the surface in an opposite direction; and there are proofs of the existence of both these currents.

What has been called the gulf stream, in the Atlantic Ocean, is that which moves from the equator towards the north pole, modified by the trade winds, and by the form of the continent of North America; and the progress of the lower current may be inferred from the cold which exists in the sea at great depths in warm latitudes; a degree of temperature much below the mean annual temperature of the earth in the latitudes where it has been found, and which of course must have been brought from colder latitudes.

The mean annual temperature in the latitude of 67 degrees has been determined to be 39 degrees; but lord Mulgrave found, on the 20th of June, when the temperature of the air was 48½ degrees, that the temperature of the sea at the depth of 4630 feet was six degrees below freezing, or 26 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

On the 31st of August, in the latitude of 69 degrees, where the annual temperature is 38 degrees, the temperature of the sea at the depth



of 4038 feet was 32 degrees; the temperature of the atmosphere (and probably that of the water at the surface of the sea) being at the same time at  $59\frac{1}{2}$  degrees.

This is likewise attested by the difference subsisting between the temperature of the sea at the surface and at great depth, at the tropic, though the temperature of the atmosphere there is so constant, that the greatest annual changes seldom exceed five or six degrees; yet the difference between the heat of the water at the surface of the sea, and that of the depth of 3600 feet is not less than 31 degrees; the temperature at the surface being 84 degrees, and at the given depth below no more than 53 degrees.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE IRON MASK.

THERE are few readers who have not heard of the man in the iron mask, and who have not felt their curiosity deeply interested in the solution of that famous mystery. The best account of this extraordinary personage has been published by Soulavie, in his memoirs of Richelieu. The solution he gives is worthy, in its importance and dignity, of the mystery to which it relates.

According to this historian, the following authentic paper was written by the governor of this prisoner, a short time before his death:

The unfortunate prince whom I have brought up, and taken care of till the close of my life, was born September 5th, 1638, at half past eight. His brother, the present sovereign, Louis XIV, was born in the morning of the same day, about twelve o'clock. But the births of these princes presented a striking contrast, for the eldest's was as splendid and brilliant as the youngest's was melancholy and private.

The king, soon after the queen was safely delivered of the first

prince, was informed, by the midwife, that her majesty was still in labour. This intelligence alarmed him greatly, and he ordered the chancellor of France, the first almoner, the queen's confessor, and myself to remain in her apartment till she was delivered, as he wished us to be witnesses of the steps which he meant to take, if she gave birth to another dauphin; for it had been foretold, by some shepherds, that the queen was pregnant with two sons; they also reported that they had obtained the knowledge by divine inspiration. This report was soon circulated through Paris, and the people, alarmed by it, loudly asserted that, if this prediction was verified, it would cause the total ruin of the state. The archbishop of Paris was soon informed of these transactions, and, after conversing with the shepherds, ordered them to be closely confined in the prison of Lazarus; for the serious effect their prophecy had produced in the minds of the people had given the king some uneasiness, because it made him reflect on the disturbances he had to fear in this kingdom. He informed the cardinal of this prediction, who, in his answer, said that the birth of two dauphins was not impossible, and that, if the peasant's prophecy should be realized, the last born must be concealed with the greatest care, as he might, when he grew up, conceive that he had a right to the crown, and cause another *league* in the kingdom.

During the queen's second labour, which lasted several hours, the king was tormented by his apprehensions, for he felt a strong presentiment that he should soon be the father of two dauphins. He desired the bishop of Meaux not to leave the queen till she was delivered, and afterward, turning to us all, said, sufficiently loud to be heard by the queen, that, if another dauphin should be born, and any of us should divulge the secret, our heads should answer for it: for, added he, his birth must be a secret of state, to



prevent the misfortunes which would follow the disclosure, as the salic law has been silent concerning the inheritance of a kingdom on the birth of male twins.

The event which had been foretold soon after arrived, for the queen, while the king was at supper, gave birth to a second son, much smaller and handsomer than the first; and the poor infant, by his incessant cries, seemed to lament his entrance into a world where so much misery was in store for him. The chancellor then drew up a certificate of this extraordinary event, but the king not approving it, it was burnt in our presence, and it was not till after he had written a great many that his majesty was satisfied. The first almoner endeavoured to persuade the king that he ought not to conceal the birth of a prince; to which his majesty replied, that reasons of state absolutely required the most inviolable secrecy.

The king soon after dictated the oath of secrecy, which he desired us all to sign. When this important business was concluded, he sealed the oath to the certificate, and took possession of it. The royal infant was then given to the midwife; but, to deter her from revealing the secret of its birth, she was menaced with death if ever she gave the least hint of it; we were all, likewise, strictly charged not even to converse with each other on the subject.

His majesty dreaded nothing so much as a civil war, and he thought that the dissensions which would certainly occur between the two brothers, if they were brought up as such, would certainly occasion one; the cardinal, also, when he was invested with the superintendancy of the prince's education, did every thing in his power to keep this apprehension alive.

The king ordered us to examine carefully the poor child's body, to see if he had any marks by which he might hereafter be known, if his brother should die; for he always

purposed, in that case, to put the infant in possession of his rights.

During the infancy of the young prince, M. Peronnette, the midwife, treated him as if he were her own son, but, from her great care and manner of living, every one suspected that he was the illegitimate son of some rich nobleman.

As soon as the prince's infancy was over, cardinal Mazarin, on whom his education had devolved, consigned him to my care, with orders to educate him in a manner suitable to the dignity of his birth, but in private. M. Peronnette continued to attend him in my house in Burgundy till her death, and they were warmly attached to each other.

I had frequent conversations with the queen during the subsequent disturbances in this kingdom; and her majesty has often said to me, that if the prince's birth should be discovered during the life of the young king, his brother, the male-contents, would, she feared, take advantage of it to raise a revolt among the people; for, she added, that it was the opinion of many able physicians, that the last born of twins was the first conceived, and of course the eldest. This fear did not, however, prevent the queen from preserving, with the greatest care, the written testimonies of the prince's birth; for she intended, if any accident had befallen his brother, to have recognised him, though she had another son.

The young prince received as good an education as I could have wished to have received myself, and a better one than was bestowed on the acknowledged princes.

When he was about nineteen, his desire to know who he was increased to a great degree, and he tormented me with continual solicitations to make him acquainted with the author of his existence; the more earnest he was, the more resolute were my refusals; and when he saw that his entreaties did not avail, he endeavoured to persuade me that he thought he was my son.

Often, when he called me by the tender name of father, did I tell him that he deceived himself; but, at length, seeing that he persevered in this opinion, I ceased to contradict him, and gave him reason to believe that he was really my son. He appeared to credit this, with a view, no doubt, of forcing me, by this means, to reveal the truth to him; as I afterwards learned that he was at that very time doing all in his power to discover who he was.

Two years elapsed in this manner, when an imprudent action, for which I shall ever reproach myself, revealed to him the important secret of his birth. He knew that I had received, at that time, many expresses from the king; and this circumstance, probably, raised some doubts in his mind, which he sought to clear up by opening my scrutoire, in which I had imprudently left many letters from the queen and the cardinal. He read them, and their contents, aided by his natural penetration, discovered the whole secret to him.

I observed, about this time, that his manners were quite changed, for, instead of treating me with that affection and respect which I was accustomed to receive from him, he became surly and reserved. This alteration at first surprised me, but I too soon learnt the cause.

My suspicion was first roused by his asking me, with great earnestness, to procure him the portraits of the late and present king. I told him, in answer, that there was no good resemblances of either, and that I would wait till some eminent painter should execute their pictures.

This reply, which he appeared extremely dissatisfied with, was followed by a request to go to Dijon. The extreme disappointment he expressed on being refused alarmed me, and from that moment I watched his motions more closely. I afterward learnt that his motive for wishing to visit Dijon was to see the king's picture; he had an intention also of going from thence to

the court, that was then kept at St. Jean-de-Las, to see and compare himself with his brother.

The young prince was then extremely beautiful, and he inspired such an affection in the breast of a young chambermaid, that, in defiance of the strict orders which all the domestics had received, not to give the prince any thing he required without my permission, she procured him the king's portrait.

As soon as the unhappy prince glanced his eye on it, he was forcibly struck by its resemblance to himself; and well he might, for one portrait would have served for them both. This sight confirmed all his doubts, and made him furious. He instantly flew to me, exclaiming, in the most violent passion, "This is the king! and I am his brother! here is an undeniable proof of it." He then showed me a letter from cardinal Mazarin that he had stolen out of my scrutoire, in which his birth was mentioned.

I now feared that he would contrive means to escape to the court during the celebration of his brother's nuptials; and to prevent this meeting, which I greatly dreaded, I soon after sent a messenger to the king, to inform him of the prince's having broken open my scrutoire, by which means he had discovered the secret of his birth. I also informed him of the effect this discovery had produced in his mind. On the receipt of this letter his majesty instantly ordered us both to be imprisoned. The cardinal was charged with this order; and, at the same time, acquainted the prince that his improper conduct was the cause of our common misfortune.

I have continued from that time till this moment a fellow-prisoner with the prince; and now, feeling that the awful sentence to depart this life has been pronounced by my heavenly judge; I can no longer refuse to calm both my own mind and my pupil's, by a candid declaration of this important fact, which may enable him to extricate himself from his present ignominious state if the



king should die without issue.—Ought I to be obliged, by a forced oath, to keep a secret inviolably, with which posterity ought to be acquainted?

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### LESSONS TO BAD HORSEMEN.

THE following instructions are worthy of general attention, on many accounts. In the first place, there is scarcely a man or woman, in any class of society, who does not, in some degree, stand in need of them, and to whom they may not be highly serviceable: in the second place, they are eminently conducive to the ease and safety of the reader: and, thirdly, they are calculated to preserve that noble and deserving animal, the horse, from a great deal of unnecessary suffering. These lessons are divested of all technical refinement and obscurity, and can be thoroughly understood by almost every reader.

Every horse should stand still when he is mounted. This will be readily granted; yet we see how much the contrary is practised. When a gentleman mounts at a livery-stable, the groom takes the horse by the bit, which he bends tight round his under jaw: the horse striving to go on, is forced back; advancing again, he frets, as he is again stopped short, and hurt by the manner of holding him. The rider, meantime, mounting without the bridle, or at least holding it but slightly, is helped to it by the groom, who being thoroughly employed by the horse's fluttering, has at the same time both bridle and stirrup to give. This confusion would be prevented, if every horse was taught to stand still when mounted. Forbid your groom, therefore, when he rides your horse to water, to throw himself over him from a horse-block, and kick him with his leg, even before he is fairly upon him. This wrong manner of mounting is

what chiefly teaches your horse the vicious habit against which we are here warning. On the other hand, a constant practice of mounting in the proper manner, is all that is necessary to prevent a horse's going on till the rider is quite adjusted in the saddle.

The next thing is, that the rider mount properly. The common method is to stand near the croup or hinder part of the horse, with the bridle held very long in the right hand. By this manner of holding the bridle before you mount, you are liable to be kicked; and when you are mounted, your horse may go on some time, or play what gambols he pleases, before the rein is short enough in your hand to prevent him. It is common likewise for an awkward rider, as soon as his foot is in the stirrup, to throw himself with all his force to gain his seat: which he cannot do, till he has first overbalanced himself on one side or the other: he will then wriggle into it by degrees. The way to mount with ease and safety is, to stand rather before than behind the stirrup. In this posture take the bridle short, and the mane together in your left hand, helping yourself to the stirrup with your right, so that your toe may not touch the horse in mounting. When your left foot is in the stirrup, move on your right till you face the side of the horse looking across over the saddle. Then with your right hand grasp the hinder part of the saddle; and with that and your left, which holds the mane and bridle, lift yourself upright on your left foot. Remain thus a mere instant on your stirrup, so as to divide the action into two motions. While in this posture, you have a sure hold with both hands, and are at liberty either to get safely down, or to throw your leg over and gain your seat. By this deliberate motion likewise, you avoid, what every good horseman would endeavour to avoid, putting your horse into a flutter.

When you dismount, hold the bridle and mane together in your



left hand, as when you mounted; put your right hand on the pommel of the saddle, to raise yourself; throw your leg back over the horse, grasp the hinder part of the saddle with your right hand, remain a moment on your stirrup, and in every respect dismount as you mounted; only what was your first motion then becomes the last now. Remember not to bend your right knee in dismounting, lest your spur should rub against the horse.

Hold your bridle at a convenient length. Sit square, and let not the purchase of the bridle pull forward your shoulder; but keep your body even, as if each hand held a rein. Hold your reins with the whole grasp, dividing them with your little finger. Let your hand be perpendicular; your thumb will then be uppermost, and placed on the bridle. Bend your wrist a little outward; and when you pull the bridle, raise your hand toward your breast, and the lower part of the palm rather more than the upper. Let the bridle be at such length in your hand, as, if the horse should stumble, you may be able to raise his head, and support it by the strength of your arms, and the weight of your body thrown backward. If you hold the rein too long, you are subject to fall backward as your horse rises.

If, knowing your horse, you think a tight rein unnecessary, advance your arm a little, but not your shoulder, toward the horse's head, and keep your usual length of rein. By this means, you have a check upon your horse, while you indulge him.

If you ride with a curb, make it a rule to hook on the chain yourself; the most quiet horse may bring his rider into danger, should the curb hurt him. If, in fixing the curb, you turn the chain to the right, the links will unfold themselves, and then oppose a farther turning. Put on the chain loose enough to hang down on the horse's under lip, so that it may not rise and press his

jaw, till the reins of the bridle are moderately pulled.

If your horse is used to stand still when mounted, there will be no occasion for one to hold him: but if he does, suffer him not to touch the reins, but that part of the bridle which comes down the cheek of the horse. He cannot then interfere with the management of the reins, which belongs to the rider only; and holding a horse by the curb (which is ever painful to him) is evidently improper when he is to stand still.

Do not ride with your arms and elbows as high as your shoulders; nor let them shake up and down with the motion of the horse. The posture is unbecoming, and the weight of the arms and of the body too, if the rider does not sit still, acts in continual jerks on the jaw of the horse, which must give him pain, and make him unquiet, if he has a tender mouth or any spirit.

Bad riders wonder why horses are gentle as soon as they are mounted by skilful ones, though their skill seems unemployed: the reason is, the horse goes at his ease, yet finds all his motions watched; which he has sagacity enough to discover. Such a rider hides his whip, if he finds his horse is afraid of it, and keeps his legs from his sides, if he finds he dreads the spur.

Never let your legs shake against the sides of the horse; and neither keep your arms and elbows high, and in motion, nor rivet them to your sides, but let them fall easy. One may, at a distance, distinguish a genteel horseman from an awkward one: the first sits still, and appears of a piece with his horse; the latter seems flying off at all points.

To have a *good seat* is to sit on that part of the horse, which, as he springs, is the centre of motion; and from which, of course, any weight would be with most difficulty shaken. As in the rising and falling of a board placed in *equilibrio*, the centre will be always most at

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rest ; the true seat is in that part of your saddle, into which your body would naturally slide, if you rode without stirrups ; and is only to be preserved by a proper poise of the body, though most riders imagine it done by the grasp of the thighs and knees. The rider should consider himself as united to his horse in this point, and when shaken from it, endeavour to restore the balance.

The two extremes of a bad seat are when the rider sits very far back on the saddle, so that his weight presses the loins of the horse, or when his body hangs forward over the pommel of the saddle. The first is practised by grooms, when they ride with their stirrups affectedly short ; the latter, by fearful horsemen on the least flutter of the horse.

To have a good seat yourself, your saddle must sit well. Have your saddle press as nearly as possible on that part which we have described as the point of union between the man and horse ; however, so as not to obstruct the motion of the horse's shoulders. Place yourself in the middle or lowest part of it ; sit erect, but with as little constraint as in your ordinary sitting. The ease of action marks the gentleman : you may repose yourself, but not lounge.

If your horse stop short, or endeavour, by rising and kicking, to unseat you, bend not your body forward, as many do : that motion throws the breech forward, and you off your fork or twist, and out of your seat ; whereas by advancing the lower part of your body, and bending back the upper part and shoulders, you keep your seat, and recover it when lost. The bending your body back, and that in a great degree, is the greatest security in *flying* leaps ; it is a security, too, when your horse leaps *standing*. The horse's rising does not try the rider's seat ; the lash of his hind legs is what ought chiefly to be guarded against, and is best done

by the body's being greatly inclined back. Stiffen not your legs or thighs ; and let your body be pliable in the loins, like the coachman's on his box. This loose manner of sitting will elude every rough motion of the horse ; whereas the fixture of the knees will, in great shocks, augment the violence of the fall.

Was the cricket-player, when the ball is struck with the greatest velocity, to hold his hand firm and fixed when he receives it, the hand would be bruised, or perhaps the bones fractured by the resistance. To obviate this accident, he therefore gradually yields his hands to the motion of the ball for a certain distance ; and thus by a due mixture of opposition and obedience, catches it without sustaining the least injury. The case is the same in riding : the skilful horseman will recover his poise by giving some way to the motion ; and the ignorant horseman will be flung out of his seat by endeavouring to be fixed.

Stretch not out your legs before you ; this will push you against the back of the saddle : neither gather up your knees, like a man riding on a pack ; this throws your thighs upwards : each practice unseats you. Keep your legs straight down ; and sit not on the most fleshy part of the thighs, but turn them inward, so as to bring in your knees and toes ; and it is more safe to ride with the ball of the foot pressing on the stirrup, than with the stirrup as far back as the heel ; for the pressure of the heel being in that case behind the stirrup, keeps the thighs down.

When you find your thighs thrown upward, widen your knees to get them and the upper part of your fork lower down on the horse. Grasp the saddle with the hollow or inner part of your thighs, but not more than just to assist the balance of your body : this will also enable you to keep your spurs from the horse's sides, and to bring your toes in. Sink your heels straight down ; for while your heels and thighs keep down, you cannot fall : this,



aided with the bend of the back, gives the security of a seat, to those who bear themselves up in their stirrups in a swift gallop, or in the alternate rising and falling in a full trot.

Let your seat determine the length of your stirrups, rather than the stirrups your seat. If more precision is requisite, let your stirrups (in the hunting saddle) be of such a length, as that, when you stand in them, there may be the breadth of four fingers between your seat and the saddle.

Because a saddle with a high pommel is thought dangerous, the other extreme prevails, and the pommel is scarce allowed to be higher than the middle of the saddle. The saddle should lie as near the back-bone as can be, without hurting the horse; for the nearer you sit to his back, the better seat you have. If it does so, it is plain the pommel must rise enough to secure the withers from pressure: therefore, a horse whose withers are higher than common, requires a higher pommel. If, to avoid this, you make the saddle of a more straight line, inconvenience follows; you sit too much above the horse's back, nor can the saddle form a proper seat. There should be no ridge from the button at the side of the pommel, to the back part of the saddle. That line also should be a little concave, for your thighs to lie at ease. In short, a saddle ought to be, as nearly as possible, as if cut out of the horse.

When you want your horse to move forward, raise his head a little, and touch him gently with your whip; or else, press the calves of your legs against his sides. If he does not move fast enough, press them with more force, and so till the spur just touches him. By this practice he will, if he has any spirit, move upon the least pressure of the leg. Never spur by a kick; but, if necessary to spur briskly, keep your heels close to his sides, and slacken their force as he becomes obedient.

When your horse attempts to be vicious, take each rein separate, in each hand, and advancing your arms forward, hold him very short. In this case, it is common for the rider to pull him hard, with his arms low. But the horse by this means having his head low too, has it more in his power to throw out his heels; whereas, if his head be raised very high, and his nose thrown out a little, which is consequent, he can neither rise before nor behind; because he can give himself neither of those motions, without having his head at liberty. A plank placed in *equilibrio* cannot rise at one end unless it sinks at the other.

If your horse is headstrong, pull not with one continued pull, but stop, and back him often, just shaking the reins, and making little repeated pulls till he obeys. Horses are so accustomed to bear on the bit when they go forward, that they are discouraged if the rider will not let them do so.

If a horse is loose-necked, he will throw up his head at a continued pull; in which situation, the rider, seeing the front of his face, can have no power over him. When he does thus, drop your hand and give the bridle play, and he will of course drop his head again into its proper place: while it is coming down, make a second gentle pull, and you will find his mouth. With a little practice, this is done almost instantaneously; and this method will stop, in the distance of a few yards, a horse, which will run away with those who pull at him with all their might. When a horse feels himself pulled with the bridle, even when going gently, he often mistakes what was designed to stop him as a direction to bear on the bit, and to go faster.

Keep your horse's head high, that he may raise his neck and crest; play a little with the rein, and move the bit in his mouth, that he may not press on it in one constant and continued manner: be not afraid of raising his head too high; he will naturally be too ready to bring it

down, and tire your arms with its weight, on the least abatement of his mettle. When you feel him heavy, stop him, and make him go back a few paces: thus you break by degrees his propensity to press on his bridle.

Let your horse carry his head bridling in, provided he carries it high, and his neck arching upwards; but if his neck bends downward, his figure is bad, his sight is too near his toes, he leans on the bridle, and you have no command over him. If he goes pressing but lightly on the bridle, he is the more sure-footed, and goes pleasanter; as your wrist only may guide him. If he hang down his head, and make you support the weight of that and his neck with your arms, bearing on his fore-legs, he will strike his toes against the ground, and stumble.

If your horse is heavy upon the bit, tie him every day, for an hour or two, with his tail to the manger, and his head as high as you can make him lift it, by a rein on each post of the stall, to each ring of the snaffle bit.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE LOUVRE  
AND THE GALLERY OF AN-  
TIQUES, AT PARIS.

*By a Traveller.*

I CANNOT trace the origin of this palace, or even of its name. It certainly existed with this title in the reign of Philip Augustus, who surrounded it with ditches and towers, and made it a fortress. The great tower of the Louvre, celebrated in history, was insulated, and built in the middle of the court. All the great feudatories of the crown derived their tenure from this tower, and came hither to swear allegiance and pay homage. It was a prison previously prepared for them, if they violated their oaths. Three

counts of Flanders were confined in it at different periods.

The Louvre, far from being cheerful in its plan, received also, from this enormous tower, a melancholy and terrifying aspect, which rendered it unworthy of being a royal residence. Charles V endeavoured to enliven and embellish this gloomy abode, and made it tolerably commodious for those times. Several foreign princes successively lodged in it: Manuel, emperor of Constantinople, Sigismund, emperor of Germany, and the emperor Charles V.

This large tower of the Louvre, which had, at different periods, served as a palace to the kings of France, as a prison to the great lords, and as a treasury to the state, was at length taken down, in 1528.

The Tower of the Library was famous, among several others, because it contained that of Charles V, the most considerable one of the time, and in which the number of volumes amounted to nine hundred.

The part of the palace which, at present, is called the Old Louvre, was begun under Francis I, from the plan of Pierre Lescot, abbot of Clugny, and the sculpture was executed by Jean Gougeon, whose minute correctness is particularly remarkable in the festoons of the frieze of the second order, and in the devices emblematic of the amours of Henry II. This edifice, though finished, was not inhabited during the reign of that king, but it was by his son Charles IX.

Under him, the Louvre became the bloody theatre of treacheries and massacres, which time will never efface from the memory of mankind, and which, till the merciless reign of Robespierre, were unexampled in the history of this country. I mean the horrors of St. Bartholemew's day.

But the fancy turns in horror from these scenes, and passes rapidly from this period of fanaticism and cruelty, when the Louvre was stained by so many crimes, to times



more happy, when this palace became the quiet cradle of the arts and sciences, the school for talents, and the asylum of artists and literati.

The centre pavilion over the principal gate of the Old Louvre was erected by Louis XIII, from the designs of Le Mercier, as well as the angle of the left part of the building, parallel to that built by Henry II. The eight gigantic cariatides seen there were by Sarrasin.

The front towards the Garden de l'Infante, that towards the Louvre square, and that over the little gate, towards the river, constructed by Charles IX and Henry III, amidst the civil wars of the league, partake of the taste of the time, as to the multiplicity of ornaments, but the interior announces the taste of Louis XIV.

That part which, with the two sides of the old building, completes the square, three hundred and seventy-eight feet in extent, called the New Louvre, consists of two fronts, still unfinished. Le Veau, and after him D'Orbay, were the architects by whom this addition was made, under Louis XIV.

That king at first resolved to continue the Louvre on the plan begun by Francis I; but having conceived a more magnificent design, he ordered the foundation of the present edifice to be laid, in 1665, under the administration of Colbert.

Through a natural prejudice, Louis XIV thought that he could find nowhere but in Italy an artist to execute his projects of magnificence. He sent for Bernini from Rome. This artist was received in France with all the pomp due to princes. The king ordered that, in the towns through which he might pass, he should be complimented, and receive presents from the corporations and magistrates.

Bernini was loaded with wealth and honours: yet, notwithstanding his talents, he did not succeed in his enterprize. After having forwarded the foundation, he urged the impossibility of spending the winter in

a climate colder than his own. He was promised three thousand louis a year if he would stay, but he said he would positively go and die in his own country. On his departure, the king sent him three thousand louis, with the grant of a pension of five hundred. He received the whole with great coolness.

Several celebrated architects now entered the lists to complete this grand undertaking. Mansard presented his plans, with which Colbert was extremely pleased: the king also approved of them, and insisted on their being literally executed. Mansard replied, that he would rather renounce the glory of building this edifice than the liberty of correcting himself, and changing his design, when he thought he could improve it. Among the competitors was Claude Perrault, that physician so defamed by Boileau, the poet. His plans were preferred, and merited the preference. Many pleasantries were circulated at the expence of the new medical architect, and Perrault replied to those sarcasms, by producing the colonnade, the master-piece of French architecture, and the admiration of all Europe.

This colonnade, of the Corinthian order, is five hundred and twenty-five feet in length: it is divided into two peristyles and three pavilions. The principal gate is in the centre, which is decorated with eight double columns, crowned by a pediment, whose raking cornices are composed of two stones only, each fifty-four feet in length by eight in breadth, though no more than eighteen inches thick. They were taken from the quarries of Meudon, and formed but one block, which was sawed into two. The other pavillions are ornamented by six pilasters, and two columns of the same order, and disposed in the same manner. On the top is a terrace, bordered by a stone balustrade, the pedestals of which are intended to bear trophies intermixed with vases.

Perrault's enemies maintained

that this plan belonged to Le Veau, the architect; but, since the discovery of the original manuscript and drawings of Perrault, there no longer remains a doubt respecting its real author.

Before this magnificent colonnade, a multitude of salesmen erect their stalls, and there display quantities of old clothes, rags, and other trumpery. This contrast still speaks to the eye of the attentive observer. It is the image of all the rest, grandeur and beggary, side by side.

Like St. Paul's in London, the prospect of the Louvre is interrupted and obscured by surrounding buildings; and, like many other great works, will probably never be completed.

Louis XIV, after residing here many years, abandoned it for Versailles, and it has since been devoted to different academies, and the residence of men of science and artists, such as the French Academy, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, the Academy of Painting and Sculpture, and the Academy of Architecture. All these are now replaced by the National Institute of Arts and Sciences.

There formerly existed, in the Louvre, a hall, called the Salle des Antiques, where, besides some original statues by French artists, were assembled models in plaster of the most celebrated pieces of sculpture in Italy, with a small number of antiques. In another apartment of those assigned to the Academy of Painting, and called the *Galérie d'Apollon*, were seen several pictures, chiefly of the French school; and it was intended that the Great Gallery should be formed into a museum, containing the finest pictures and statues at the disposal of the crown.

This plan, partly carried into execution under the kings, is now completed in a manner infinitely more magnificent than was possible without conquest. The Great Gallery and the Saloon of the Louvre are confined to pictures of the old

masters of the Italian, Flemish, and French schools; and the Gallery of Apollo to that of their drawings; while several lofty rooms have been fitted up for the reception of antiques, in lieu of those copies of them before-mentioned. In other rooms adjoining the Great Gallery are exhibited, as formerly, one month in the year, the productions of living painters, sculptors, architects, and draughtsmen.

These different exhibitions are placed under the superintendence of a board composed of antiquaries, artists, and men of science, inferior to none in Europe in skill, judgment, taste, or erudition. The whole of this grand establishment bears the general title of Central Museum of the Arts.

The treasures of painting and sculpture which the French nation have acquired by their arms, or by treaties, are so immense as to enable them, not only to render this Central Museum the grandest collection in the world, but also to establish fifteen departmental museums in the principal towns of France. This measure, intended to favour the progress of the arts, will ease Paris of a great number of the pictures and statues gleaned from different parts of France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Piedmont, Savoy, and Venice.

If you suppose yourself near the exterior south-west angle of the Louvre, or, as it is more commonly styled, the National Palace of Arts and Sciences, you will be in the right hand corner of the *Place du Louvre*, where is the present entrance to the Central Museum of the Arts. Here, after passing a court, you enter a vestibule, on the left of which is the Hall of the Administration of the Museum. On the ground-floor, facing the door of this vestibule, is the entrance to the Gallery of Antiques.

In this gallery, which was, for the first time, opened to the public on the 9th of November, 1800, are now distributed one hundred and forty-six statues, busts, and bas-re-



liefs. It consists of several spacious rooms, bearing suitable names. Six only are, at present, completed, but many others are in a state of preparation.

The greater part of these statues are the fruit of the conquest of Italy. Conformably to the treaty of Tolentino, they were selected at Rome, from the Capitol and the Vatican, by Barthelemy, Bertholet, Moitte, Monge, Thouin, and Tinet, who were appointed commissioners for this purpose.

In the vestibule, for fifteen cents, is sold a perspicuous and satisfactory explanation of the different objects that strike the eye as it traverses the Gallery of Antiques. I shall describe the most remarkable only of these :

On entering the gallery you might, perhaps, be tempted to stop in the first hall ; but we shall visit them all in order, and proceed to that which is now the furthest on the left hand. The ceiling of this apartment, painted by Romanelli, represents the four seasons ; whence it is called the Hall of the Seasons.

Among other antiques here, are the statues of the rustic divinities, and those relating to the seasons. Of the whole I shall distinguish the following :

210. Diana, habited as a huntress, in a short tunic without sleeves, is holding her bow in one hand, while, with the other, she is drawing an arrow from a quiver at her shoulder. Her legs are bare, and her feet are adorned with rich sandals. The goddess, with a look of indignation, is defending the hind from Hercules, who, in obedience to the oracle, is pursuing it, in order to carry it alive to Eurystheus ; a task imposed on him by the latter as one of his twelve labours.

This statue might serve as a companion to the Apollo of Belvedere, and is reckoned the finest representation of Diana in existence. It is of Parian marble, and has been in France ever since the reign of Henry IV. It was the most perfect of

those formerly at Versailles. The parts wanting have been recently restored, with admirable skill.

214. In a bust, the city of Rome is personified as an Amazon. The helmet represents the she-wolf suckling the children of Mars.

This antique, of Parian marble, is of a perfect Greek style, and in admirable preservation. It formerly belonged to the gallery of Richelieu Castle.

51. This bronze represents a young man seated, who seems extracting a thorn from his left foot.

It is a production of the flourishing period of the art, but anterior to the reign of Alexander the great. It partakes a little of the meagre style of the old Greek school. It was taken from the Capitol, where it was seen in the Palazzo dei Conservatori.

50. This young faun, with a deer's skin thrown over his shoulders, stands with his legs crossed, and leans on the trunk of a tree, as if resting.

The grace that reigns throughout this figure, as well as the immense number of copies still existing of it, all antiques, make it be supposed a copy of the Faun or Satyr in bronze, of Praxiteles. That statue was so celebrated, that the epithet *famous* was always annexed to it throughout Greece.

It is of Pentelic marble found in 1701, near Civita Lavinia, and placed in the Capitol by Benedict XIV.

59. Ariadne, asleep on a rock, abandoned by Theseus, at the moment when Bacchus became enamoured of her. The serpent on the upper part of the left arm is a bracelet.

For three centuries, this statue of Parian marble was one of the principal ornaments of the Belvedere, where it was placed by Julius II.

190. This head of Augustus, adorned with the civic crown of oak leaves, is one of the fine portraits of that emperor. It is in Pa-

rian marble, and comes from Verona, where it was admired in the Bevilacqua cabinet.

On quitting the Hall of the Seasons, we return to that through which we first passed to reach it. This room, from possessing the statues of Zeno, Trajan, Demosthenes, and Phocion, is called the Hall of Illustrious Men. It has eight antique granite columns, brought from Aix-la-Chapelle, where they stood in the nave of the church, which contained the tomb of Charlemagne.

Among the antiques placed in it, I shall particularize the following, as most worthy of notice :

75. This represents Menander, sitting on a semicircular seat. He is clad in the Grecian tunic and pallium.

76. This represents Posidippus, one of the best authors of the new comedy, whose dress is nearly that of Menander. Like him, he is represented sitting on a hemi-cycle.

These two statues, which are companions, are admirable for simplicity. They are of Pentelic marble, and were found, in the sixteenth century, at Rome, in the gardens of the convent of San Lorenzo, on Mount Viminal. After making part of the baths of Olympius, they were placed, by Sixtus V, at Negroni, whence they were removed to the Vatican, by Pius VI.

After leaving the Hall of Illustrious Men, we next come to the Hall of the Romans. The ceiling is ornamented with subjects taken from Roman history, by Romanelli ; and in it are chiefly assembled such works of sculpture as have a relation to that people.

Among several busts and statues, representing Adrian, Publius Cornelius Scipio, Marcus Junius Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, Cicero, &c., I shall point out

209. The Torso of Belvedere.—This admirable remnant of a figure seated, though the head, arms, and legs are wanting, represents the apotheosis of Hercules. The lion's skin spread on the rock, and the

enormous size of the limbs, leave no doubt as to the subject of the statue. Notwithstanding the muscles are strongly marked, the veins in the body of the hero are suppressed, whence antiquarians have inferred, that the intention of the author was to indicate the very moment of his deification. Flaxman has immortalized himself by restoring a copy of the Torso, and placing Hebe on the left of Hercules, in the act of presenting to him the cup of immortality.

On the rock, where the figure is seated, is a Greek inscription, by which we are informed, that it is the production of Apollonius, the Athenian, who probably flourished in the time of Pompey the great.

This valuable antique is of Pentelic marble, and sculptured in a masterly style. It was found at Rome, near Pompey's theatre, now Campo di Fiore. Julius II placed it in the garden of the Vatican, where it was long the object of the studies of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c.—Among artists, it has always been distinguished by the appellation of the Torso of Belvedere.

94. This figure represents a barbarian soldier, dying on the field of battle, without surrendering. It is remarkable for truth of imitation, of a choice nature, though not sublime (because the subject would not admit of it), and for noble expression.

This statue formerly belonged to the Villa Ludovisi, whence it was removed to the Museum of the Capitol, by Clement XII. It is from the chisel of Agasias, of Ephesus, who lived 450 years before the christian era.

82. This charming figure is rather that of a muse than the goddess of agriculture. It is admired for the ideal beauty of the drapery. She is clad in a tunic ; over this is thrown a mantle, the execution of which is so perfect, that through it are perceived the knots of the strings which fasten the tunic below the bosom.

It formerly belonged to the Villa-



Mattei, on Mount Esquiline; but was taken from the Museum of the Vatican, where it had been placed by Clement XIV.

80. Hitherto this figure of a Roman orator, with the attributes of Mercury, has passed for Germanicus, though it is too old for him.—Here we have another model of elegance of form, though not of an *ideal* sublimity.

On the shell of a tortoise, at the foot of the statue, is inscribed some Greek characters, from which we learn, that the artist was Cleomenes, an Athenian, mentioned by Pliny. This statue was taken from the Gallery of Versailles, where it had been placed in the reign of Louis XIV. It formerly belonged to the garden of Sixtus V, at Villa-Montalto, in Rome.

97. In this monument, Adrian's favourite is represented as having scarcely attained the age of puberty. He is naked, and his attitude has some affinity to that of Mercury. However, his countenance seems to be impressed with that cast of melancholy, by which all his portraits are distinguished.

This is a beautiful figure, of Carrara marble. It comes from the Museum of the Capitol, and once belonged to cardinal Albani. The fore-arm and left leg are modern.

200. In this colossal bust of Antinous are some peculiarities, which call to mind the images of the Egyptian god, Harpocrates. It is finely executed in hard Greek marble, and comes from the Museum of the Vatican. It was dug from the ruins of the Villa-Fede, at Tivoli, in 1790.

On the same line with the Hall of the Romans, the next room, taking its name from the celebrated group here placed, is styled the Hall of the Laocoon.

Here are four pillars of *verde antico*, a green marble, obtained by the ancients, from the environs of Thessalonica. They were taken from the church of Montmorency, where they decorated the tomb of

Anne, the constable of that name. The first three apartments are floored with inlaid oak; but this is paved with beautiful marble.

The Laocoon was found, in 1506, under Julius II, at Rome, on Mount Esquiline, in the ruins of the palace of Titus. The three Rhodian artists, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, mentioned by Pliny as the sculptors of this groupe, flourished during the time of the emperors.

It is composed of five blocks, but joined in so skilful a manner, that Pliny thought them of one single piece. The right arm of the father, and two arms of the children are wanting.

111. This beautiful figure of Parian marble is a woman, whose feminine features and form seem to have contracted the masculine habits of warfare. Clad in a fine tunic, which, leaving the left breast exposed, is tucked up on the hips, she is in the act of bending a large bow. No attitude could be better calculated for exhibiting to advantage the finely modelled person of this heroine.

For two centuries, this statue was at the Villa-Mattei, on Mount Cælius, at Rome, whence it was removed to the Museum of the Vatican by Clement XIV.

118. Meleager, with nothing but a *chlamis* on his shoulders, and winding round his left arm, is here resting, after having killed the wild boar, which was ravaging his dominions; at his side is the head of the animal, and near him sits his faithful dog.

This groupe is sublime, and yet its sublimity is of a different cast from either that of Apollo, or of Mercury, called Antinous.

It is of Greek marble of a Cineseous colour: there are two traditions respecting the place where it was found, but the most probable is that it was discovered in a vineyard bordering on the Tiber. It belonged to Fusconi, physician to Paul III, and was for a long time in the Pig-

hini palace at Rome, whence Clement XIV conveyed it to the Vatican.

103 & 104. These colossal heads of Bacchantes stood at the entrance of the theatre of the Villa-Adriana, at Tivoli.

The one is of Pentelic marble, and the other of Parian. Having been purchased of count Fede by Pius VI, they were placed in the Museum of the Vatican.

105. This bust deserves particular attention, for its beauty, its excellent preservation, and perfect resemblance to the medals which remain of Antinous.

It is of Parian marble of the finest quality, and had been in France long before the revolution.

112. Some have determined to call this beautiful head that of Bacchus; while others preserve its ancient name of Ariadne, by which it was known in the Museum of the Capitol.

It is of Pentelic marble, and one of the most sublime productions of the chisel, in point of *ideal* beauty.

From the Hall of the Laocoon, we pass into that which, from the famous statue, here erected, and embellished in the most splendid manner, takes the appellation of the Hall of the Apollo.

This hall is ornamented with four pillars of red oriental granite of the finest quality: those which decorate the niche of the Apollo were taken from the church that contained the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle. It is paved with different kinds of scarce and valuable marble, in large compartments, and in the centre is a large octagonal table of the same substance.

As this hall is considerably larger than the others, a greater number of antiques are here placed, of which the following are the most conspicuous.

135. Apollo Pythius. This is of Carrara marble, and, consequently, was executed by some Greek artist who lived in the time of the Romans; but his name is unknown. The forearm and left hand were restored by

Angelo de Montorsoli, a pupil of Michael Angelo.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, it was found on the seashore, near the ruins of Antium. Julius II, when cardinal, purchased this statue, and placed it in his palace; but becoming pope he conveyed it to the Vatican, where, for three centuries, it was the admiration of the world.

On the 7th of November, 1801, Bonaparte celebrated, in great pomp, the inauguration of the Apollo; on which occasion, he placed between the plinth of the statue and its pedestal a brass tablet, bearing a suitable inscription.

The Apollo stands facing the entrance-door of the apartment, in an elevated recess, decorated with beautiful granite pillars. The flight of steps, leading to this recess, is paved with the rarest marble, inlaid with the squares of curious antique mosaic, and on them are placed two Egyptian sphynxes of red oriental granite, taken from the Museum of the Vatican.

142. This figure of Parian marble represents the goddess of beauty issuing from the bath. Her charms are not concealed by any veil or garment. She is slightly turning her head to the left, as if to smile on the Graces, who are supposed to be preparing to attire her.

This is allowed to be the most beautiful of all the statues of Venus which remain. The Venus of Medicis surpasses it in sublimity of form, approaching nearer to *ideal* beauty.

Bupalus, of Scio, produced this master-piece. He lived 600 years before Christ, so that it has now existed upwards of 2,400 years. It was found about the middle of the eighteenth century, near San-Vitale, at Rome. Benedict XIV, having purchased it of the Stati family, placed it in the Capitol.

125. This statue of Mercury is of the finest Parian marble. More robust in form than either Apollo or Meleager, it loses nothing by being contemplated after the former.—



The harmony which reigns between its parts is such, that Poussin, always took from it the *proportions of the human figure*.

It was found at Rome, on Mount Esquiline, under Paul III, who placed it in the Belvedere, near the Apollo and the Laocoon.

151. In this statue Antinous is represented as a divinity of Egypt. He is standing in the usual attitude of the Egyptian gods, and is naked, except his head and wrist, which are covered with a drapery in imitation of the sacred garments.

This figure is of white marble, which leads us to conjecture that it might have been intended for Orus, the god of light, it having been the custom of the Egyptians to represent all their other divinities in coloured marble. It was discovered in 1738, at Tivoli, in the Villa-Adriana, and taken from the Museum of the Capitol.

To judge from the great number of figures of Antinous, sculptured by order of Adrian to perpetuate the memory of that favourite, the emperor's gratitude for him must have been unbounded. Under the form of different divinities, or at different periods of life, there are at present, in the Gallery of Antiques, no less than five portraits of him, besides three statues and two busts. Three other statues of Antinous, together with a bust, and an excellent bas-relief, in which he is represented, yet remain to be placed.

156. Bacchus is here standing, and naked. He is leaning carelessly with his left arm on the trunk of an elm, round which winds a grapevine.

This statue, of Greco duro, is reckoned one of the finest extant of Bacchus.

Having surveyed the Hall of the Apollo, we proceed, on the right hand, towards its extremity, and reach the last room of the gallery, which is called the Hall of the Muses.

It is paved with curious marble, and besides the Muses, and Apollo, here are also assembled the antique

portraits of poets and philosophers. Among these are Homer and Virgil; but the most remarkable specimen is Euripides.

In this *hermes* we have a capital representation of the features of the poet. The countenance is noble, serious, and expressive.

This *hermes* is in Pentelic marble, and was taken from the academy of Mantua.

Since the revival of the arts, the lovers of antiquity have made repeated attempts to form a collection of antique statues of the muses; but none was ever so complete as that assembled in the Museum of the Vatican by Pius VI, and which the chance of war has now transferred to the banks of the Seine.

The statues of Clio, Thalia, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, and Calliope, together with the Apollo Musagetes, were discovered in 1774, at Tivoli, among the ruins of the villa of Cassius. To complete the number, Pius VI obtained the Euterpe and the Urania from the Lancellotti palace at Velettri. They are supposed to be antique copies of the statues of the muses by Philiscus, which, according to Pliny, graced the portico of Octavia.

The air of grandeur that reigns in the gallery is very striking; and the tasteful and judicious distribution of this matchless assemblage of antiques does great honour to the council of the Central Museum. Among the riches which Rome possessed, the French commissioners also, by their choice selection, have manifested the depth of their knowledge, and the justness of their taste.

The alterations and embellishments made in the different apartments of the Gallery of Antiques have been designed by Raymond, member of the National Institute, and architect to the National Palace of Arts and Sciences. In winter the apartments are kept warm by means of flues. Here, without the expence of a single *liard*, the young draughtsman may form his taste by studying the true antique models of Grecian sculpture; the more expe-

rienced artist may consult them in the composition of his subjects; the simple observer may spend many hours in contemplating objects, which, for centuries, have inspired universal admiration.

A vast collection of antiquities of every kind is still expected from Italy, among which are the Venus of Medicis and the Pallas of Veletri, a finely-preserved statue, classed by artists among those of the first rank, dug up at Veletri, in 1799, in consequence of the researches made there by the French commissioners. Upwards of five hundred cases were lying on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, ready to be sent off to France, when the Neapolitans entered that city. They carried them all away: but, by the last article of the treaty of peace with the king of Naples, the whole of them are to be restored to the French. For verifying their condition, and taking measures for their conveyance, two commissioners have been dispatched to Italy: the son of Chaptal, and Dufourny the architect. On the arrival of these cases, even after the fifteen departmental museums have been supplied, it is asserted that there will yet remain antiquities sufficient to form a museum almost from Paris to Versailles.

The Central Museum of the Arts is open to the public on Saturdays and Sundays; the other days are appropriated to the study of young pupils: but a foreigner has only to produce his *permis de séjour* to gain admission *gratis* every day, from the hour of ten o'clock to four. To the credit of the nation, I must observe, that this exception in favour of foreigners excites no jealousy whatever.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON ANNOUNCING MARRIAGES  
WITH CLERGYMEN'S NAMES.

YOUR readers must long ago have noticed the custom of publish-

ing marriages with the name of the officiating clergyman: many of them, indeed, may have furnished examples of this custom in their own ease. The practice with us no doubt originates in servile imitation of English customs; but I am a good deal puzzled to conceive how it originally came into fashion.

When the performer is a *bishop*, the vanity of the parties or their friends will easily account for it, but when he is a simple clergyman, the reason is not quite so plain. In similar cases, as that of naming the physician under whose auspices a cure has been effected, the record is intended as a compliment to the skill of the agent; but it is not, at first sight, very obvious that any extraordinary praise can be due to the act of reading the marriage-service. There is, indeed, a story of a clergyman's having found a child *very hard to christen*: but in that case, it is suspected, that the difficulty arose from his own situation, and not from any peculiarity in the patient. Yet I cannot but think that it is no uncommon circumstance to find couples *hard to marry*, and that there is often a sufficient degree of effort in performing this feat, to apologize for the seeming vanity of making public the name of the clerical practitioner. I do not exactly know to what defect in the marriage-rites the melancholy Jacques alludes, when dissuading the clown from suffering sir Oliver Martext to couple him and Audrey, he tells him, "This fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp." The law, at present, seems to have determined, that if the union be but made, the manner of doing it is of no consequence. But the task of bringing the parties together, may be a serious labour indeed. A sly old batchelor has lived a score of years with a kept madam, who has a great desire at last to be made an *honest woman* of. What a trial of skill to a confidential divine to work



upon the hardened buff of this man's conscience, and mollify it down to that matrimony which has so long been the object of his scorn and ridicule ! A novel-reading miss, whose heart has been softened by some neighbouring Celadon, looks with horror upon the honest Numps whom her careful father has chosen for her ; and, like Anne Page, would rather " be set quick in the earth, and bowled to death with turnips," than meet him at the altar. What a profusion of rhetoric must be employed to bring such a damsel to the dutiful act of bestowing her hand contrary to the dictates of her heart ! With the young spendthrift, whose stomach rises at the sight of an amorous dame of threescore, panting to deliver him from a jail by the gift of her purse and person, fewer arguments for compliance may be necessary ; and yet he must, in some measure, be fashioned to the joke by persuasion. In these and similar cases, which are not very uncommon, some mediator is evidently wanted to take the part which Horace assigns to Venus :

—cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea  
Sævo mittere cum joco ;

and where the clergyman assumes this office, his labours certainly deserve commemoration. Under this persuasion, I shall for the future suppose that more is meant than meets the ear, when we are gravely told that the Rev. Mr. Such-a-one married such a couple ; and that his task was somewhat more arduous than merely reading some sentences out of a book, and afterwards, perhaps, supping with the happy party. x.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MY NATIVE LAND.

*Concluded.*

IN vain do philosophers discourage the indulgence of this senti-  
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ment, by the force of argument, or the splendour of eloquence ; in vain do they represent to us that we are citizens of the world, that it is on it, and not on any particular spot, where our affections should be placed. It is true, we owe much to mankind ; we owe them all the benefits we can procure them, and perhaps it would be happy for us were these claims more faithfully and fully discharged ; but if we observe the direction of Nature, we will behold her pointing to our native land, as the proper theatre of our praise-worthy actions, our countrymen as the first objects of our benevolence, her welfare a source of delight, and her glory our boast, our pride, and our happiness.

What the poet Goldsmith says to his brother, every true uncorrupted son of nature will, in the language of truth, address to his country :

" Where'er I roam, whatever climes I  
see,  
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to  
thee."

This patriotic sentiment will be his companion in the most distant countries ; whether he melts at the tropic, or freezes at the pole. Time may indeed partially deface the impression, and the noisy tumult of the busy world drown the voice of nature, yet while his heart remains uncorrupted, his native land will not be unremembered nor unbeloved.

Even the philosopher is actuated by this sentiment when he travels in foreign countries. It is true, he may travel to increase his knowledge of mankind, or for mere amusement ; yet whatever he sees extraordinary or beneficial in the science of government, in the manners or customs of the people with whom he meets, in their agriculture, or in the arts they exercise, is noticed with satisfaction, as things which may prove acceptable and serviceable to his countrymen, either by lessening their wants, or increasing their enjoyments. Even when this is not the case, when

through the medium of commerce all the productions of nature and art may be procured with ease, yet does he endeavour to introduce the theory and practice of their culture and manufactures into his own country. It may be alleged, that this proceeds from pride, a pride which disdains to receive from others those things which our own resources can furnish. Suppose it granted: yet, that pride originates from the sentiment in question; for would the same man endeavour to introduce them into any other country, unless urged by motives of interest? A moment's reflection is sufficient to enforce a negative answer. It is not sufficient that the wants of life, the means of enjoyment, or the unbounded desires of grandeur may be supplied; no: they must be derived from our own resources, and be the productions of our own industry.

When man dwells where tyrants sway the sceptre of despotic power, if he groans under all the miseries of a bad government of any form whatever, though he knows there are places where liberty has established her reign, though he knows there is sufficient room there to accommodate him, and that he will receive a hearty welcome and every encouragement, yet all this is not sufficient for the patriot; it is not the freedom of another land he wishes to enjoy, it is the emancipation of his own; it is not liberty alone which he wishes to enjoy, for the means are within his reach, he wishes to enjoy it with his countrymen, and in the land which gave them birth; he would be happy, not in his own enjoyment, but by beholding the happiness of his fellows. This end accomplished, he is ready to exclaim with the prophet, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Where the love of our country is fondly cherished, no other passion dares dispute with it the empire of the breast; it reigns alone, unrivalled, and supreme; all other passions must be subservient to its will. At

its approach wealth loses all its attractions, and poverty is divested of her rags, or folded, haggard as she is, to the warm bosom of the ardent patriot, she is preferred to all the glare and pomp of grandeur, the blandishments of luxury, or the enjoyment of private happiness.

VALVERDI.

June 4, 1805.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE VISITOR.

NO. IV.

Nihil est jam dictum, quod non sit prius dictum.

IN my first number, I quoted that line of Terence which is applied as a motto to the present, in order to prepare the reader more readily to pardon any inadvertent and unconscious plagiarisms. The bare task of writing in prose is not difficult; it is a talent which may be acquired by industry, and even made easy by habit: but to be original in expression and idea requires qualifications gifted by nature, and which art and education cannot acquire.

That the efforts of modern writers are greatly defective, in these points, the examination of their works will fully prove. When I look back upon the works of many of the writers of the last century, and see the ease and elegance of their style, the sublimity of their ideas, and the novelty which distinguishes their thoughts, I regret that so few are to be found who can rival them with success. Many are the obstacles which obstruct the passage of those who wish to attain literary celebrity; and he that overcomes them must indeed be industrious, he must be learned, he must possess genius.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temples shine afar? BEATTIE.



How few are they in number, to whom nature has allotted superior talents, and persevering, ardent minds, to enable them to make a proper use of her bounty ! But how still more rarely are they to be found, in whom great endowments are not counterbalanced by passions which destroy them ! Human nature degraded, and man pitied by the good, and despised by the malevolent, for its degradation, is a sight as common as deplorable. Add to these, minds glowing with all the enthusiasm caused by a fertile imagination and powerful genius, combating with weak and delicate bodies, which early sink into the grave, and how few are there whose abilities are not, by some untoward cause, rendered useless to them !

Thus, in youth, fell Clifton, as sweet a poet as America ever could boast of ; whose strains are charming, and therefore please ; few, and therefore rendered more estimable, particularly when we consider their author was an American, born and cultured beneath our native sky. Thus, too, fell Linn, and much about the same age, who did honour to his country, as a man of letters, a poet, and a divine. Among modern poets, he had already attained a conspicuous station, and would have arisen to greater excellence, had not death asserted his claim, and stopped his "tuneful breath" for ever. *Genius*, whose *powers* he has so ably described and illustrated, was his, in the strictest sense, nor could sickness or debility destroy its force, or deaden its energy.

Though both these poets discovered a considerable degree of originality, the difficulties in their way to fame were great. Disease, with which they were so much afflicted, whilst it weakens the body, is but too well calculated to depress the mind. Few are possessed of minds which retain their native elasticity, when health no longer gives vigour to the body. Linn and Clifton may be considered as exceptions, and cited as instances which do not often occur in literary history. Of the

celebrated Farquhar we are told, that he wrote his excellent comedy, "*The Beaux Stratagem*," while oppressed with illness ; and Michael Bruce, whose history none can read without emotion, wrote his poem of "*Loch Leven*," as he informs us, "while slow disease preyed on his vitals," and whose life terminated soon after its completion ; and the latter days of Linn were employed on a poem, which his speedy dissolution prevented him from giving to the public.

There is now no description of writers to whom want of novelty may more correctly be ascribed than the poets, whose works are frequently as destitute of merit as they are numerous. The ease and elegance of Pope, the fervour and sublimity of Gray, the tenderness of Collins, are seldom to be found. Never more in number than now, never did fewer attain to extraordinary excellence : paltry imitations, dull, insipid, drawling sonnets, rhymes jingling without sense or meaning, now aping the ridiculous style of Wordsworth, and now the luxuriance of Darwin.

Nor is this the worst. We behold some prostituting their pens on that kind of poetry which should only accompany the volume of Rochester. The most indelicate allusions, on subjects on which the pen should for ever be silent, are dressed up in the garb of the muses, and sent forth, to the destruction of good morals, and the annihilation of modesty. With all the captivations of elegant poetry, the ideas they constantly excite are such, that, while they corrupt, they (to use the words of Blair) lay the foundation for lasting bitterness of heart.

Still, however, "*in these degenerate times*," poets are to be found who deserve that name, who satirize the follies and vices which are seen around them with justice, and who please and instruct. Many have heard of and read the productions of Walcott (Peter Pindar), and have laughed at his merry tales and witty remarks. Though his strokes are

often laid on too hard, and sometimes unjustly, he is surely as excusable as those who, in every age, biassed by party, have substituted prejudice for candour. Gifford, his rival and opponent, possesses all the qualifications of a true poet, and has greatly contributed to correct false taste and erroneous judgments concerning literature.

With fond delight we yet a bard behold,

As Horace polish'd, and as Perseus bold.

CLIFTON'S EPIST. TO GIFFORD.

The child of nature, Bloomfield, arrests attention as a votary of the muses, and as such bids fair to live long after his mortal tenement is mouldered into dust. The attractions of Campbell, of Rogers, of Southey, and some others, will preserve them from oblivion. Bayley, a poet of later date, has claims to merit, when compared with many of his contemporaries; and from Hunt much is expected, as he has already done much. His poems, written at sixteen, far exceed those of many others written at maturity, and his later years, it is hoped, will far exceed his days of youth and inexperience. To this list, in conclusion, we may justly add the name of Fessenden, lately sprung up to do honour to his country, and increase the common stock of literature.

F.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### EPISTOLARY.

YOU have, of late, entertained me with a most amusing account of the present situation of your mind. I learn, not without great triumph, that the magnanimous Benedict, he with whom I have spent many a college night in railing at the sex, and in forming sage schemes of celibacy, is now most completely bewildered in all the mazes of love. Truly it is diverting, that one of so

versatile a mind as to be able to rove with equal delight from the sonorous declamations of Demosthenes to the soft melody of Maro's muse, or the jovial odes of the bard of Teios, should be so entirely vanquished as to forget all his former pursuits and resolutions, and be engrossed by one object.

When I formerly attempted to rally your lunacy, you made a pitiable lamentation, and deplored my deficiency of taste and feeling. But excuse me. I am wandering into the Attic, as you are pleased to term it, when I sat down to give a serious and learned disquisition on love and marriage, and other important topics; and, in my self-complacency, I think I already hear your thanks for edification and delight.

Love and hatred are innate passions; they are implanted in us at our birth for good purposes, and are the source of almost every other passion, more particularly of hope, fear, and jealousy. Our emotions are first excited by beauty, but when we discover that the object is also amiable and sensible, it increases into what metaphysicians term a passion, or desire of possession. Then it is that it overclouds the mind with its fury.

To say then, as you do, that I have never loved, is to pronounce me not a mortal. At least one of the ancients seems to have thought so, when he said that he who had never felt the force of love was either a beast or a stone\*. I have, however, always been an advocate for the superiority of real friendship. Love is but another name for covetousness; whereas friendship contents itself with admiration, without any uxoriousness, nor is so liable to the misery of indifference.

Even at this early period of life, I have indulged myself in solitary reflections on the happiness which *may be* derived from matrimony, which is too often made but a *mat-*

\* Et qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua.



*ter of money.* How often, and how fervently, have I ejaculated with Horace, "*Felices ter et amplius,*" &c. ! How have I envied the felicity of that couple, which Homer describes as *kissing ten years* after their marriage, and declaring their affections to be as ardent as they were on the day of their nuptials ! But such a pair is as rare as the poet who describes them ; believe me, they are *black swans*. Marriage should be a perfect aristocracy ; there should be but one common consent or will in every thing. But how do all these Houris of the imagination vanish, when the long train of infelicities, which immediately ensue an extinguished love, pass before me ! I start with horror at the phantoms which my fancy has created, and pray that they may never be realized. Such an accumulation of wordly care and misery ! Are you disappointed in a scheme of pleasure or profit ? your wife, with the sagacity of an *after-prophet*, reproaches you with an "*I said so.*" Are you reduced to poverty ? you behold an amiable and affectionate wife also distressed, you hear the cries of your children : or, on the other hand, if she be not such a character, she will agonize you by contrasting her former splendour, before you made her a partaker of your miseries. Are you gloomy and sad, or even grave ? you do not love her. Do you wish for quiet ? she will scold her servants. Will you retire to your study ? even if it be not on the day,

——the great, the important day,  
Big with the fate of bucket and of broom,

she will meet you with a scrubbing brush ! Speaking of a bad wife (and the chances are ten to one that such may be your lot, for that is the proportion of the wicked to the good), we are emphatically told, by an ancient author, that "*she makes a sorry heart, a heavy heart, a wounded mind,*" &c. A woman and death, says Terence, are two of the bitterest things in the world.

And yet, with all the lights of experience blazing before our eyes, how many are there who daily tie the knot, which nothing but death can dissolve ! A witty and quaint writer, of the last century, tells us, that "*woing is undoing, marrying is marring,*" and so on : I forget the rest.

Now hasten to your betrothed ; read this letter to her ; fall on your knees to her (as I presume you have often done before), and pray her to pardon you for holding a correspondence with such a libellous contemner of the all-powerful Hymen. Promise her she shall, at no distant day, see this proud and versatile scoffer interceding at the vestibule for entrance to the altar, on which you will shortly offer up your happiness as a sacrifice to your passion.

SEDLEY.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

MR. CARR, author of the *Stranger* in France, and other works, having, during the last summer, visited Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, and made a circuit of the Baltic, intends to favour the world with an account of his travels, accompanied by various engravings from his own drawings.

The late Dr. Sibthorpe, regius professor of botany in the university of Oxford, having, with a zeal truly laudable, accomplished two voyages into Greece and the adjacent countries, with the intent of investigating their natural history, agriculture, and medicine, and thence brought ample stores for his purpose, directed by his will (lest the results of so much labour and expence might be lost to the world by his death, which was occasioned by the fatigues and difficulties he had undergone), that, out of his manuscript journals, notes, and collection of plants, a *Flora Græca* should be

published, and ornamented with plates from the drawings executed, under his own inspection, by that admirable artist Ferdinand Bauer. The care of this undertaking has been consigned to the person of all others best qualified for it, Dr. Smith, president of the Linnæan society, who will bring forward the work in ten volumes, folio, each to contain two parts or fasciculi, with fifty plates, so that the whole work will comprise a thousand of these engravings. The price of the first fasciculus will be ten guineas; and in proportion as the number of subscribers increase that of the succeeding will be reduced, from the operation of a fund left by Dr. Sibthorpe to assist the publication. A prodromus of this great work is also to be published, by Dr. Sibthorpe's direction, in two volumes, octavo, but without plates.

Mr. Benet, a gentleman of fortune, has recently found amongst his family papers a very large and interesting collection, including the correspondence of Charles the first with prince Rupert and the principal characters of the age, in the times of the civil wars, and while that prince commanded the army. These documents, which are of the highest importance to the history of that period, we understand the possessor of them (and to whom they descended from an ancestor, who was secretary to prince Rupert) intends shortly to publish.

Dr. Griffiths has in the press, *Travels in Europe, Asia Minor, and Arabia*, to be published in one volume, quarto.

Mr. Twiss's Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakespeare is carrying through the press with as much expedition as is consistent with the careful attention requisite in printing and correcting a work, of which accuracy must be the sole recommendation.

An elegant work will speedily appear, under the title of, *An Excursion through the Principal Parts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, with Illustrative Notes, and Sketches of*

the Road between London and Dove Dale. The excursion was undertaken by the late ingenious and lamented Edward Dayes, in the autumn of 1803. Its principal object was to contemplate the romantic character of Dove Dale, and to inspect and make drawings of the sublime and picturesque scenery of the north and west ridings of Yorkshire. The observations made by Mr. D. during his progress through these enchanting tracts, were afterwards connected by him with various historical and biographical notices, and the whole formed into a connected work, and completed for the press, but a very short time previous to his unhappy decease. The illustrative notes, and sketches of the roads, &c., have been added by Mr. E. W. Brayley.

Dr. Charles Hall has in the press a treatise, entitled, *the Effects of Civilization on the People in European States*.

The Political State of the British Empire, containing, a general view of the possessions of the crown, the laws, commerce, revenues, offices, and other establishments, military and civil, will be published this spring, by Mr. Adolphus.

The admirers of planting will speedily be gratified by a new work, under the title of the *Forest Pruner*, or a treatise on the improvement of British timber trees in general.

Sir James Stewart is about to present to the public a complete edition of his father's *Principles of Political Economy*, and other works, with an account of the author's life.

Mr. Mungo Park, the gentleman who has attained to a high degree of celebrity for his *Travels into the Interior of Africa*, has just left Portsmouth, on another journey of discovery to that quarter of the globe. The object of his present voyage is to establish, if possible, commercial connections between some of the principal African towns and this country. His course will be towards the southern part of the continent. He sailed in the *Eugenia*, captain Webb.



The Rev. S. Parker, of Lewes, intends to publish, by subscription, the Old Testament illustrated, being explications of remarkable facts and passages in the Jewish scriptures, which have been objected to by unbelievers; in a series of lectures to young persons.

A Collection of the Moral and Religious Works of the pious and learned sir Matthew Hale, have been collected by a clergyman of erudition, and published.

We have great pleasure in announcing the appearance of a monthly miscellany in the island of Jamaica (a part of the world hitherto considered as devoted solely to the services of Plutus and Bacchus), to be regularly continued under the title of the Jamaica Magazine. Part of the second number contains some original Memoirs of Charles Westcote, which have proceeded with much spirit through the succeeding numbers. We ardently wish success to an attempt calculated to introduce a spirit of literary curiosity and enquiry into so considerable a community as that composing the flourishing island of Jamaica.

Mr. Abbot, of the Temple, has recently finished, for publication, a small volume of Instructions to Masters of Hired Transports and other Vessels in the Service of Government.

An Essay, Philosophical, Moral, and Political, on the present extended Commerce of Great Britain, and on its Advantages and Disadvantages, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

A new edition of Dr. Smith's History of the Peloponnesian War, with a life of the translator, is nearly ready for publication.

A translation of the Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther, which gained the prize given by the National Institute of France, will very shortly be published in London. It has already been translated into the German, with notes, observations, &c., by D. Rosenmuller. To the English edition will be added copious illustra-

tions, intended to correct the views of the author, and passages from the writers of our own country, who have thrown out so many important ideas on the subject.

A work, intended as a continuation of Dr. Paley's Natural Theology, is in considerable forwardness.

The long-disputed manuscripts of the Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, are now in the press, under the auspices of the Highland Society. They will be accompanied by a Latin translation, by the late Mr. Macfarlane. The whole will form two large volumes, octavo.

The first volume of Mr. Lyson's General Survey of Great Britain, containing the counties of Bedford, Berks, and Bucks, will speedily be published. To accompany this work, Mr. Byrne will publish a series of engravings of the most interesting and picturesque objects in the several counties of Great Britain. The latter work will be entitled *Britannica Depicta*.

A new translation of the works of the Swiss Theocritus, the amiable Gesner, is in considerable forwardness. It is intended to follow the popular essay of Zimmermann on Solitude, executed for the Select Foreign Classics, a work which, from the numerous advantages it combines, bids fair to supersede all the preceding translations of modern classic authors.

The following is a method of giving the grain and hardness of steel to copper. Take the metal under the metallic form, fuse it with two parts of animal glass, and a twelfth of charcoal powder: as it is essential that the copper should present a great deal of surface, the shavings of that metal are to be placed in strata, with animal glass mixed with charcoal powder, and the crucible so exposed to a fire sufficiently strong to fuse the glass. There is then formed phosphorus, the greater part of which burns, while the rest combines with the copper. When the crucible has cooled, and is broken, the phosphorated copper is found in the form of a grey brilliant but-

ton under the glass, which has passed to a state of red enamel. By this operation it is increased in weight one-twelfth. The copper thus combined with phosphorus acquires the hardness of steel, of which it has the grain and colour, and like it is susceptible of the finest polish; it can be easily turned, and does not become altered in the air. The copper emits no smell when rubbed. The dark red enamel which is formed in this experiment may be employed with advantage for porcelain and enamels, as this red does not alter in the fire.

It is ascertained, by experiment, in the New York ships which go on whaling voyages of twenty months' duration and more, that scorbutic symptoms appear among the crews, unless they have temporary supplies of *fresh* vegetable matter. These will of themselves work a cure, but it is well known that they are more efficacious when consumed raw than if they are subjected to any culinary operation. Under this conviction the Americans eat their pumpkins, potatoes, &c. in their natural and crude state.

Dr. Blachly gives the following recipe as highly efficacious in the cure of dropsy, by external application. *Recipe:—Saponis, Aceti, et Spt. Vini ana partes aequales.* The whole body is to be rubbed with it at bed-time, as long as the patient can bear the application, occasionally giving him brandy or wine. This remedy, joined to the other remedies of dropsies, cures generally in two or three applications; the water disappearing by perspiration. Oedematous legs bound up, with the mixture plentifully rubbed on them, are quickly reduced in size.

The Boylstonian prize-medal, of Harvard College, has been adjudged to Dr. James Mann, for his Dissertation on the Causes, Nature, and Cure of Autumnal Diseases of Infants, as prevailing in the New England States.

Dr. Shadrach Ricketson is engaged in a work on the means of

preserving health, and preventing diseases, founded principally on an attention to the non-naturals in medicine.

Mr. C. S. Rafinesque has been for some time engaged in collecting materials for a catalogue or flora of the country, for a hundred miles or more, round Philadelphia. He has already explored the two shores of Maryland, the state of Delaware, and the northern part of Virginia. He is now engaged in visiting the northern parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and in the next season he expects to visit the southern part of New York, and Long Island.

On the thirteenth of December, 1803, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, the inhabitants of the village of St. Nicholas, near the small village of Maesing, were alarmed by a noise which resembled the report of cannon. A peasant, looking at the clouds, which became dark and gloomy, heard a singular hissing in the air, and saw a stone fall through the rafters of the barn, which he found warm, and it weighed three pounds and a quarter.

A prize is offered, by the National Institute of France, for the best memoir of the literary state of France in the fourteenth century.

The society at Copenhagen have offered three prizes to the best memoirs on the cultivation of forest-trees, considered in relation to the purposes of ship-building.

The Teylerian Society have proposed, as a subject for a prize-essay, the following question: "What advantages has christianity derived from missions during the two last centuries; and what success may be expected from the missionary societies at present existing."

The inquisition publishes annually a list of the books which it prohibits. That for the last year includes the *Decade Philosophique*, on which the editors of this journal say, "We thank the holy officer for having placed our publication in the same list with the finest pieces of Corneille, Locke on the Human Understanding, the works of Pope, and



the Discourse on the Re-establishment of Religious Worship. This is, in fact, too much honour for a journal. But the more sensibly we feel our own unworthiness, the more we feel the value of the favours with which the inquisition has honoured us."

The king of Prussia discovers much zeal for the improvement of the universities in his dominions. M. Massow, one of his ministers, is employed in forming and executing plans for this purpose, and the sovereign himself has, with his own hand, transmitted circular letters to the several universities, exhorting them to co-operate with him in his views for their improvement.

Schweighæuser has published two more volumes of his new edition of *Athenæus*, with very copious notes.

The abbe de Lisle's long expected translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is just published at Paris; and, in the same city, the posthumous works of Marmontel have also made their appearance very recently.

M. Cossuli has published, at Parma, a work, in two volumes, quarto, on the origin and early progress of algebra, in Italy; in which he shows that this science was brought from the east into Italy, by Leonard Bonacci, of Pisa, in the thirteenth century. He follows its progress through the subsequent periods, and shows that for the first advancement of the science the world is indebted to Italy, and that even before it began to be cultivated in other countries, it had there attained to a high degree of perfection.

A collection of the Italian authors who have written on the subject of political economy, is proposed to be published, by subscription, at Milan. The writers, whose works it is intended to embrace, are: Berghini, Scarruffi, Davanzatia Serra, Turbolo, Montanari, Bandini, Broggia, Maffei, Belloni, Pagnini, Neri, Galiani, Carli, Algaroti, Beccari, Genovesi, Zannoni, Veri, Paoletti, Brigganti, D'Arco, Filangieri, Vasco, Mengotti, Palmieri, Gennaro de

Cantalupo, Delfico, Corniani, and Gianni. To the works of the above authors, many of which are very rare, will be added several unpublished performances, in the possession of the editor. The collection will not exceed in number thirty volumes. In a preliminary discourse, by P. Custodi, will be given a sketch of the commerce and industry of the Italians, in the times that preceded the revival of arts and sciences, together with a historical account of the origin, progress, and present state of political economy, both in Italy and other countries.

An Italian translation of Blair's *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres*, by Francisco Soave, has recently been published at Parma.

The following method of making an anti-incendiary liquid, for extinguishing fires arising from oily, greasy, or bituminous substances, invented by M. Driuzzi, has been published by order of the minister of the interior of the Italian republic. Take 84 ounces of common water, to which add 24 ounces of pulverised soda, and boil them till the liquid be reduced to two-thirds of the original quantity. The same proportions must be observed in preparations on a larger scale. Filter the liquor through a linen cloth, that none of the grosser parts may remain; let it cool, and use it when required. To give the soda a greater activity, make a caustic ley of it, and add three ounces of quick lime to every twelve ounces of soda in solution. The liquid is then more efficacious in extinguishing the flames, but it is more destructive to leather and animal substances, so that when the caustic solution is employed, the liquid should not be discharged through pipes of those materials. It should be observed that this anti-incendiary water must not be employed in fires arising from spirituous liquors of any kind; and that its effects in extinguishing wood are little superior to those of mere water.

A curious fact in natural history has been observed by Dr. Gabriel Anselmi, professor of anatomy at Turin. A snake, called, in Italy, *aerpe nero*, the *coluber natrix* of Linnæus, is said to be extremely fond of milk, and the country people even pretend that it makes its way into the dairies to gratify its inclination. They even assert that it is sometimes found entwined round the legs of cows, sucking their teats with such avidity as to draw blood, when their milk is exhausted. Of this fact, which by many had been considered as a popular tale, the doctor had himself an opportunity of being an eye-witness. "Walking, according to custom," says he, "one morning, on the road called the Park, bordered by pastures, containing a great number of sheep and horned cattle, I observed an old but vigorous cow separate from the rest, and lowing, with her head raised in the air, her ears erect, and shaking her tail. Surprised at the noise she made, I seated myself on the banks of a stream, and followed her wherever she went with my eyes. After running for some minutes, she suddenly stopped in a sequestered spot, and began to ruminate. Inquisitive to discover the cause, I went to the place. After going into a pond to drink, she came out, and waited on the brink for a black snake, which crept from among the bushes, and approaching her, entwined himself round her legs, and began to suck her milk. I observed this phenomenon two successive days, without informing the herdsman. The third day I acquainted him with it, and he told me, that, for some time, the cow kicked at the approach of her calf, and that she could not without difficulty be compelled to suffer it to suck. We took away the snake, which we killed. On the succeeding days, the cow, after in vain waiting for her suckling, ran about the meadow in such a manner that the herdsman was obliged to shut her up." Dr. Anselmi has discovered that if the

teats of the cows be washed with a decoction of tobacco, the ravages of those extraordinary depredators may be effectually prevented.

The most rigorous measures are adopted, in the Austrian dominions, to suppress all books that have not the sanction of the commissioners appointed to examine them. Almost all French works, written before or since the revolution, and the greater part of the new German literary productions, are proscribed.

A new composition, for preserving inflammable bodies from the effects of fire, has been made known at Hamburgh, by professor Palmer. It is composed of one part of sulphur, one of red ochre, and six of a solution of copperas.

M. Giobert has found that magnesia communicates to all the earths a refractory quality. Glass-makers' crucibles, formed of any clay which is not ferruginous, to which a third or half of magnesia of Bandisaro is added, resist the action of fire in the most perfect manner.

The large hydrographical chart of the White Sea, which has been some time preparing under the direction of lieutenant-general Golénischtscheff-Kutusof, will soon be printed. A trigonometrical survey of this sea, comprehending the bays, and a part of the Northern Ocean, has been made, and the depth and nature of the bottom were ascertained and examined, and sixteen principal points of the coast were determined by astronomical observation; so that this chart has been brought to considerable perfection, and will render the navigation of that sea much safer than it has hitherto been.

M. J. E. Pellizer embraces a system of astronomy different from that which is commonly received. In proof of the truth of it, he appeals to the following test. According to the Nautical Almanac for the present year, there will be a conjunction of the sun and moon on the 30th of March at 10 deg. 53 min., P. M.; but, according to M. Pellizer's calculation, that conjunction



will take place March 29th, 20 min. 2 sec., A. M. M. Pellizer proposes that the distance of these two luminaries should be observed on the 26th of March, at 20 min., A. M., when they will be found, according to his calculation, at 39 deg., 30 min. distance; while, according to the received astronomy, it ought to be 58 deg., 40 min.

Dr. Paulet has made many experiments on the poison of vipers in the forest of Fontainebleau; from which it should seem that the bite of this reptile may be fatal to animals who can obtain no assistance; but the doctor is almost certain that it may be cured, not by volatile alkali, nor by the cautery, but by more simple means, which he proposes to make known.

The learned Zaega is still employed on his catalogue of all the Coptic manuscripts in the library of cardinal Borgia. He has been long engaged in researches with regard to the typography of ancient Rome; and it is supposed that he will throw great light on the subject.

Two Wallachians lately found in the forests of the Bannat, belonging to count Hunyades, two hundred and eighty Greek medals of gold, which they carried to the mint at Carlsburg, whence they were sent to the royal treasury at Hermanstadt, the capital of Transylvania. They are supposed to have been struck in the time of Lysimachus, and their value is about three hun-

dred pounds. The treasury of Hermanstadt has received intelligence, also, that evident traces, and the ruins of a town, very considerable in extent, have been discovered in the mountain Gredistye, in the same country.

A new edition of the *Roma Antica* of Venuti has been just published at Rome, with supplement and notes, by Philip Visconti, brother to the celebrated antiquary of that name settled in France.

In the course of the last spring several ancient monuments were discovered at Bois-de-Vaux, at a small distance from Lausanne. This discovery was made by accident in working at the mines. According to some authors, it was the site of the supposed city of Carpentras; and, according to others, of the ancient Lausanne.

M. Strauss announces, that a solution of platina, precipitated by ammonia, washed, dried, and exposed to a red heat for half an hour in a covered crucible, may be amalgamated with from five to seven parts of mercury by trituration in a warm mortar. This amalgam may be laid over copper, and the mercury be driven off by heat; a second coating is applied, mixed with chalk, and sprinkled with water, and the plate is again ignited, and afterwards burnished. By this application copper vessels may be defended from the action of acids.

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## POETRY.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE MADAGASCAR MOTHER.

The following is not a European fiction; it is a real Madagascar song, brought from that island by the chevalier de Porni, a prose translation of which may be seen in vol. I, p. 551, of *Varieties of Literature*.

WHY shrink'st thou, weak girl? why  
this coward despair?

Thy tears and thy struggles are vain:  
Oppose me no more; of my curses be-  
ware!

Thy terrors and grief I disdain.

The mother was dragging her daughter  
away

To the white man, alas! to be sold.

"Oh spare me!" she cried; "sure thou  
would'st not betray  
The child of thy bosom for gold?"

The pledge of thy love, I first taught  
thee to know  
A mother's affection and fears:  
What crime hast deserv'd thou should'st  
only bestow  
Dishonour, and bondage, and tears?

I tenderly soothe every sorrow and care;  
To ease thee, unwearied I toil;  
The fish of the stream by my wiles I  
ensnare;  
The meads of their flowers despoil.

From the wintry blast I have shelter'd  
thy head,  
Oft borne thee with zeal to the shade;  
Thy slumbers have watch'd on the soft  
leafy bed,  
The mosquito oft chas'd from the  
glade.

Who'll cherish thy age, when from thee  
I am torn?  
Gold ne'er buys affection like mine!  
Thou'lt bow to the earth, while despair-  
ing I mourn,  
Not my sorrows or hardships, but  
thine.

Then sell me not; save me from an-  
guish and shame!  
No child thou hast, mother, but me!  
Oh! do not too rashly abjure the dear  
claim;  
My bosom most trembles for thee!"

In vain she implor'd: wretched maid!  
she was sold;  
To the ship, chain'd and frantic, con-  
vey'd;  
Her parent and country ne'er more to  
behold,  
By a merciless mother betray'd.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my  
care,  
The voice of love, the voice of song;  
The lyre that celebrates the fair,  
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,  
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,  
Whose mild persuasion brings an end  
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,  
That lingers in the primrose vale;  
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing  
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,  
And early wafts the fragrant dew,  
Through clouds of hovering vapours  
breaks,  
And clears the bright etherial blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,  
More fragrant than Arabia's gale  
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,  
Or gently swells th' extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,  
And cowslips scent the verdant mead;  
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,  
From every bold intruder freed.

But *far more sweet* the virtuous deed,  
The hand that kindly brings relief,  
The heart that with the widow bleeds,  
And shares the drooping orphan's  
grief.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

CUPID.

*By a Successful Lover.*

CUPID has an infant's smiles,  
Wanton tricks, and artful wiles;  
With an air of innocence,  
Which enchants our ev'ry sense.  
While he gambols, frolics, kisses,  
Toys, and loads us with caresses,  
Though he aims and throws his dart,  
'Tis to captivate the heart.  
So the flattery of his tongue  
Charms the aged and the young;  
Sweet like honey it distils,  
And the breast with rapture fills.  
See! he comes, with flaxen hair,  
Playful, wanton, light as air!  
How engaging is his mien!  
Pleasure in his looks is seen.  
View his opening lips disclose  
All the beauties of the rose;  
Health and joy his cheeks adorn  
With the blushes of the morn.



Let him use his various arts  
To engage and win our hearts,  
When he flatters, vows, and swears,  
Charms with smiles or pleads with tears :  
For he is a timid child,  
Void of malice, meek, and mild :

Take him to your breasts, ye fair !  
You'll not find a tyrant there.  
Know ! he reigns with gentlest sway ;  
Cheerful all his will obey.  
Ev'n stern reason quits his awe,  
And smiles as he receives his law.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE has lately been published by T. and J. Swords, of New York, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, D. D.*, the first president of King's College, in New York, containing many interesting anecdotes, a general view of the state of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the last century, &c., &c. By Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D. D., formerly rector of St. John's church, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. To which is added an appendix, containing many original letters, never before published, from bishop Berkely, archbishop Secker, bishop Lowth, and others, to Dr. Johnson.

*Discourses on Davila* : a series of papers on political history, written in the year 1790, and then published in the *Gazette of the United States*, have been re-published by Russel and Cutler, at Boston, in one octavo volume.

*Arguments Natural, Moral, and Religious*, for the Immortality of the Soul, have issued from the press of Thomas and Andrews, at Boston.

*Democracy Unveiled, or Tyranny stripped of the Garb of Patriotism*, by Christopher Caustic.

At Utica, a new settlement in the state of New York, where, a few years ago, there was nothing to be met with but thickets and wolves, has been published *A Concise Extract from the Sea Journal of William Moulton*, written on board the *Orrico*, in a voyage from New London, in Connecticut, to Staten-land, in the South Sea, with remarks on the coast of South America, &c., from 1799 to 1804.

The Homans of Boston have published a new edition of *Sermons*, by William Jay, preached to the church and congregation at Argyle chapel, Bath, England, 1 vol., 8vo., on fine wove paper, and a large new type.

Such is the American taste for Anacreon, and for convivial and amatory poetry, that a new edition of the *Odes of Anacreon*, translated by Moore, has appeared at New York.

Warner and Hanna, of Baltimore, have re-published *The History of the late Grand Insurrection, or Struggle for Liberty in Ireland*, impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, and many others of the most celebrated veracity. To which is added, a short account of the insurrection by the celebrated Emmet, with his famous speech made to the court before judgment. Also, an inquiry as to the people's sufferings in that unhappy country.

The following works are designed to be shortly published :

*Plowden's Historical Review of the State of Ireland*, commencing with the invasion of Henry II, in the year 1172, down to a late period in the present reign. Philadelphia.

*The Debates and other Proceedings of the Virginian Convention on the adoption of the Federal Constitution*. Worldly and Dobson, Norfolk.

*A Historical Treatise on the Feudal Law, and Constitution and Laws of England* ; with a commentary on *Magna Charta*, and illustrations of many of the English statutes, by the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL. D., royal professor of com-

mon law in the University of Dublin, to which authorities are added, and a discourse is prefixed concerning the laws and government of England, by Gilbert Stuart, LL. D., 2 vols., 8vo., 5 dols. Thomas B. Wait & Co., Portland.

Mr. William Dunlap, of New York, proposes to collect and publish, by subscription, his dramatic performances. This publication will probably extend to eight or ten volumes, and will consist of tragedies, comedies, comic operas, and farces; some of which, but not all, have been produced on the stage. These performances will undergo the most accurate revision and correction, some of them, especially the earlier ones, will be wholly rewritten, and all will receive those improvements which may reasonably be hoped for from the extensive experience and mature taste of the author. As this gentleman is almost the only dramatic writer among the natives of America, his friends entertain some confidence that the patronage will not be denied to him by his enlightened countrymen, to which he may justly lay claim on that score alone.

John Conrad and Co. have just published a work, entitled, *Catechismus Historicus Minor*, by the Abbe Fleury.

Among the numerous and stately monuments of the zeal for the cause of religion of the celebrated abbe Fleury, few do him more honour than this small tract. In this com-

pendious volume, under the dress of a plain, but pure and truly classical, Latinity, the young learners of the Roman language will imbibe the substance of whatever is important to be known in the history and doctrine of Scripture.

To render this publication more generally acceptable, the editors have struck out from a number of copies the few chapters which contain the *peculiar* tenets of the Roman catholic church, of which the abbe was one of the brightest ornaments and most judicious supporters.

Dr. Mease has done himself fresh honour, by the manner in which he has prepared an American edition of Dr. Willich's *Domestic Encyclopædia*, in four volumes, octavo. The work comprehends a concise view of the latest discoveries, inventions, and improvements, chiefly applicable to rural and domestic economy; together with descriptions of the most interesting objects of nature and art; the history of men and animals, in a state of health or disease; and practical hints respecting the arts and manufactures, both familiar and commercial. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings and cuts.

An *Essay on the Life of George Washington*, commander in chief of the American army, through the revolutionary war, and first president of the United States of America, by the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worcester, Massachusetts, 1 vol., 2 dols. I. Thomas, Worcester.

END OF VOLUME III.

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